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SEPTEMBER 24, 1968

E CARE AND
EDING OF RIOTS
JAMES BURNHAM

NATIONAL REVIEW

1968
NOVEMBER
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TUESDAY

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ROY E SMITH
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CHICAGO FALL-OUT

How Will November Re-act?

GARRY WILLS

Biafra's Death Struggle

ELSPETH HUXLEY

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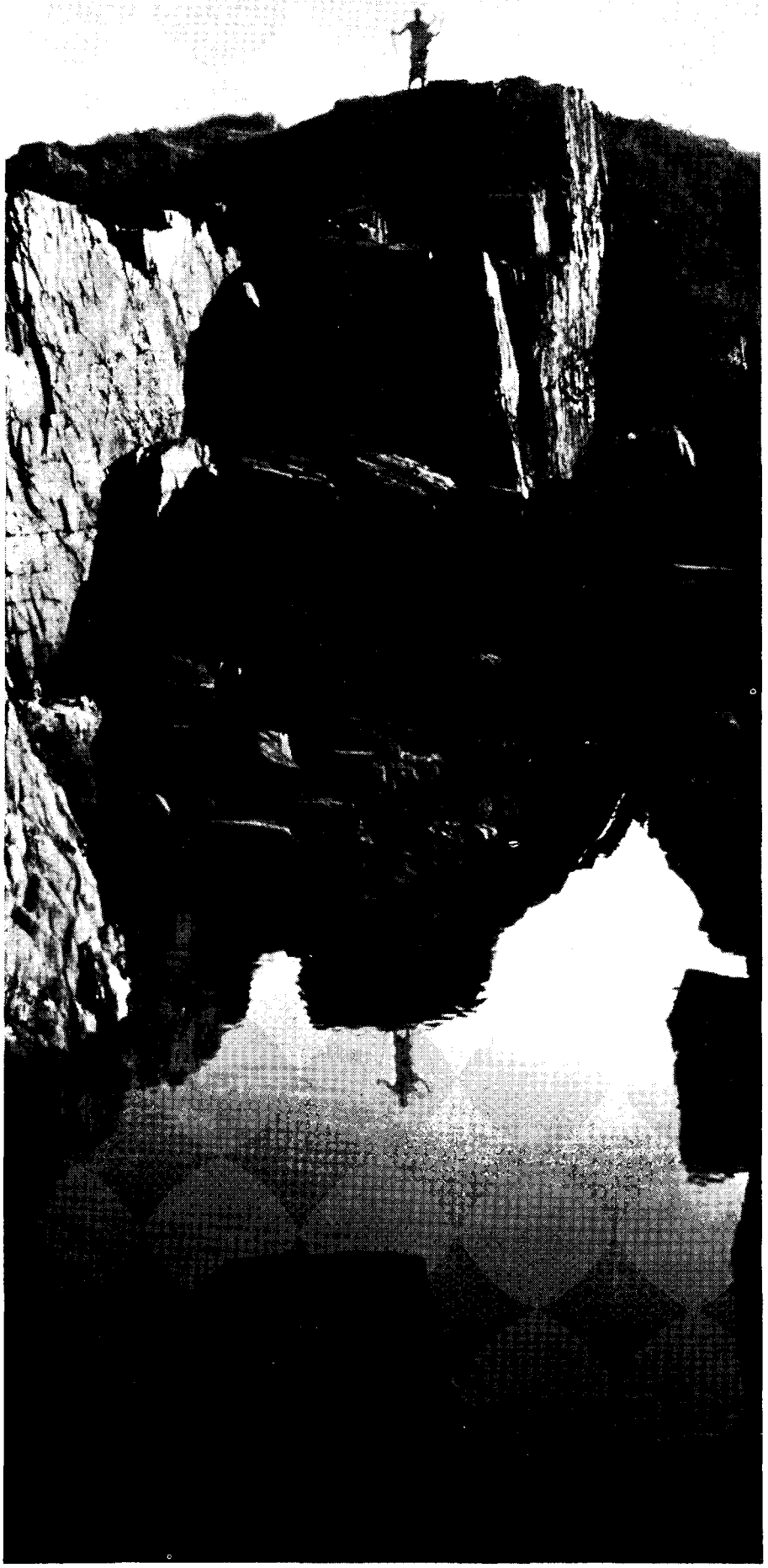

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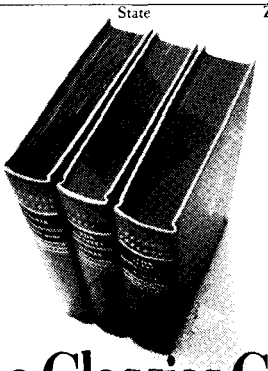

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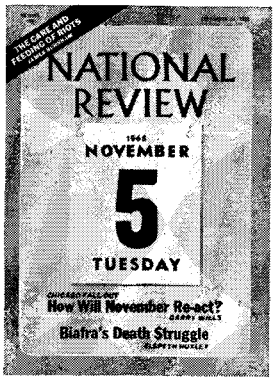
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We look at Chicago through both ends of the telescope. **Garry Wills**, author and journalist, mixed in with the kids in Grant Park, hit the streets, watched through the small hours, took the measure of the mob at close hand. He concludes that they represent a new and terribly challenging force, the middle-class rebels, who may be able to make this country ungovernable during the next four years no matter who wins the Presidential election in November. Tuck away in your mind one image he records, that of "men scrubbing the floor—blacks included—cheering when TV showed kids beaten and thrown into vans." Wills' recent book on the subject, *The Second Civil War*, was well received. . . . **James Burnham** is not so pessimistic about the Establishment's ability to withstand the kind of shock the kids may offer. If riots can be nourished, encouraged, and enlarged in an atmosphere of hydroponic sentimentality, they can be starved, stunted, and stopped with a variety of responses, including new weaponry, not unknown to civilized authority. . . . That revolution the French had a few months back? It is to laugh, says **Gilbert Comte**, who reminds us that people do not always mean what we think they mean. . . . **Elspeth Huxley** weeps, as who in his right mind doesn't, for the internecine mayhem in Nigeria. But it was inevitable, granted the sacred cow of large centralized governmental units and the reality of a Nigeria that was no more than a random crush of unrelated and hostile tribes. . . . Now it can be told! "Tom Sage," author of a dozen pieces for *NR* and of the biography of Cypriote Colonel Grivas, is in reality **Charles Foley**, free lance writer, resident of Rome, observer of things Mediterranean. Here he takes you around town, not omitting the temple of Mussolini Ozymandias. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** catalogues the anti-Republican crimes of those anti-Republican eponyms, Rockefeller & Javits.



■ **Kenneth Miller**, an investment adviser, doesn't dislike William Rickenbacker's new book (entering a third printing) and wonders if it's as prophetic as his earlier one (entering a fourth printing). . . . Plus **Schlamm**! on Mencken! and some of the 35th Street Irregulars. . . . **Neal B. Freeman** finds a vademecum for Republicans interesting enough company, given that this is the Era of Problem Solving. . . . When novelists venture into history they have to be ver-ry careful, says **Max Geltman**, only they aren't. . . . **Richard Corliss** proves what we always suspected: Hollywood is cowardly—in *Rosemary's Baby* (book), one of the witches is a Buckley-for-Mayor gal; not so the movie.

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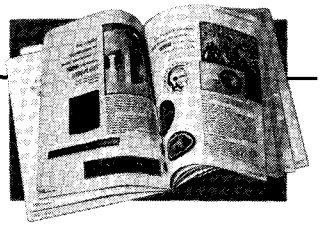

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LETTERS

Letter Men

I refer to the issue of September 10, pp. 888 and 889, in particular to the paragraph on the National Student Association. *NR* quotes the war chant:

"Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh/The NFL will surely win."

I think it's time for the average American to rise up and demand an investigation when one of our national pastimes becomes infiltrated by the Communists. See what happens as soon as Vince Lombardi quits coaching?

Iowa City, Iowa M. J. GOWDY

Reply to a Reply

In his letter commenting on my article of July 30, "The Assassin in His Context," Mr. Hugh Orgel surely distorts words (as well as slurring contexts) when he argues that the 1947 Partition plan was voted for *overwhelmingly* by the UN. At a time when all Latin America was represented (but little of Africa or Asia) the resolution was squeezed through the General Assembly thanks to U. S. pressure. Against 33 countries that approved, 23 either opposed or abstained on a decision awarding 55 per cent of a country to less than a third of its inhabitants. One feature of the partition plan was the demand "that there must be no expropriation of land owned by an Arab in the Jewish state . . . except for public purposes." Since the Israelis had purchased less than 10 per cent of the land in their state this posed problems.

If Mr. Orgel wants *overwhelming* resolutions, two suggest themselves: the unopposed vote by 101 nations in 1967 calling on Israel not to alter the status of Arab Jerusalem; the 1968 vote by the Security Council calling on Israel not to hold a military parade in the same Arab city. The inclusion of the West Bank in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan may well have been a disservice to the Palestinian cause; but it was not "conquest by arms." In 1948 Great Britain abandoned its Palestine mandate and the state of Israel was at once declared *without fixed boundaries*. Mr. David Ben-Gurion has confirmed (Ha'aretz, October 20, 1967) what Arabs suspected at the time, that this was deliberate. Ben-Gurion, who was designated to become Prime Minister and Minister of Defense, opposed the definition of the frontiers. He pointed out that the United States of America did not declare her frontiers when she proclaimed her independence in 1776. With the passage of time, her frontiers, which included thirteen states upon the proclamation of

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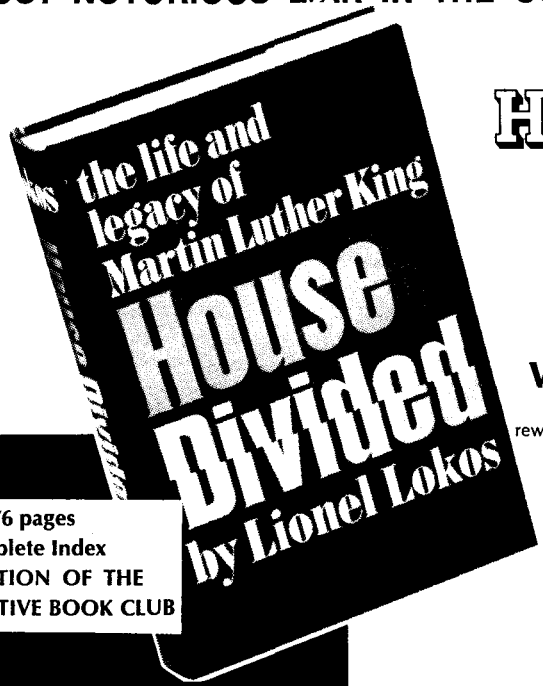
J. EDGAR HOOVER (a man not given to hysteria) CALLED MARTIN LUTHER KING "THE MOST NOTORIOUS LIAR IN THE COUNTRY." WHY?



HOUSE DIVIDED:
The Life and Legacy of MARTIN LUTHER KING

by Lionel Lokos

WE SHARE THE HORROR felt by every decent American at the violence that cut down Martin Luther King. But the tragedy is only compounded when history is rewritten to make the victim a martyr; even, blasphemously, a latter-day Christ. And that is what we are getting from the dozens of "assassination books" now tumbling off the presses: propaganda posing as history.

There is an even greater danger if we turn away from the truth. Because in the truth about Martin Luther King we can discover where our nation has taken the wrong turns; why race is being pitted against race; and how to right those wrong turns. Despite the tragedy of April 4, Birmingham remains Birmingham, Selma remains Selma, history remains history, facts remain facts. That is why we salute a brave journalist, and are proud to bring you his book on Dr. King . . . a book that disdains to rewrite history.

This is no quickie biography, rushed to the printer to cash in on the emotional shock of the assassination. Lionel Lokos, author of *Hysteria 1964: The Fear Campaign Against Barry Goldwater*, spent nearly two years researching and writing this book. After the assassination he went back to his typewriter to add the climactic chapter, "A Bullet in Memphis."

The scope of this bold book is much broader than the life of one man. This is the story of a decade of discontent: the Montgomery bus boycott which launched Dr. King; Birmingham and Selma; several campaigns the civil-rights movement would like to forget, with the author's illuminating analysis of why certain communities were *not* overcome by King's "loving confrontations." Here too are careful accounts of the rise of Black Power, and Stokely Carmichael's sudden prominence; of riots in Los Angeles, Newark, Detroit and hundreds of other American communities; of King's attempts to merge the civil-rights and anti-Vietnam-war movements; of his political love affair with Ho Chi Minh; of the guerrilla warfare that is raking our cities.

Risk-Free Examination

Though clearly no idolator of Dr. King, Lionel Lokos is no racist either. He writes not in a spirit of hatred, or even anger, but rather in sorrow at the tragedy that has fallen upon this nation because of false counsel.

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- Nixon attends the King funeral. His reception.
- The author examines King's doctrine of non-violence, finds in it the very seeds of the violence that predictably followed each new King campaign.
- Tragic dilemma for millions of Negro moderates.
- The special danger to minorities in Martin Luther King's philosophy, as explained by Supreme Court Justice Charles E. Whittaker.
- Governor Agnew gives stern lecture to Negro community leaders. "Moderates" walk out.
- Selma march produces nothing for local Negroes, but saves SCLC from probable bankruptcy. The joy of Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy: "We're going to have our first million-dollar year."
- Friendly biographer admits that King sent aides "to Birmingham to secretly recruit workers and to lay the groundwork for a crisis" because he needed a political victory.
- Chicago swelters as King leads 3-mile march on City Hall . . . in an air-cooled car.
- Embarrassing statistics for civil-righters: Lowest percentage of job-skilled Negroes to be found anywhere in the nation is in Brooklyn, in a state bristling with fair-employment laws. (Negro employment in building trades runs as high as 40% in Southern cities.)
- Analyses of King's theory of "nonviolence" by leading psychiatrists and attorneys.

"After the assassination much was said about the legacy he left his country. Some called it a legacy of love. Some called it a legacy of peace. For myself, I am perfectly willing to grant his brilliance, his basic sincerity, his charismatic effect upon perhaps hundreds of thousands of Americans — and still regretfully conclude that primarily Martin Luther King left his country a legacy of lawlessness."

— Lionel Lokos

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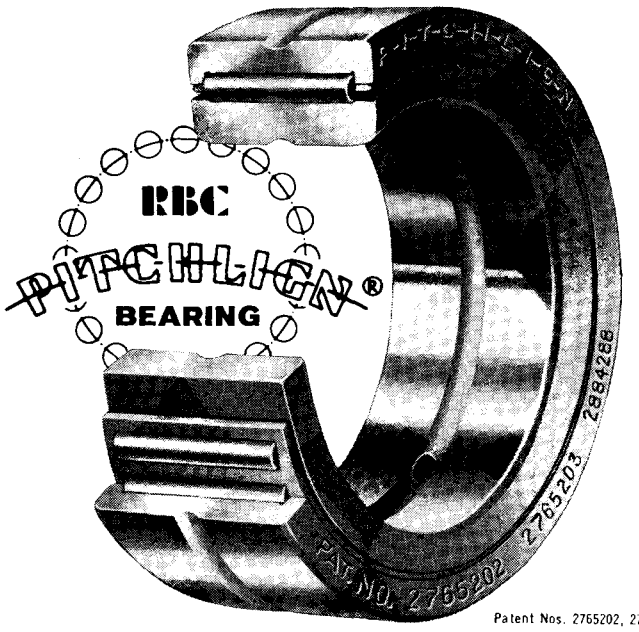

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independence, have now expanded to include 50 states, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. Thus, with a majority of 5 votes against 4, it was decided to refrain from defining the frontiers! As concerned for the Paletinians as New York Zionists for the Israeli settlers, the Arab armies moved, with admitted inefficiency, into the areas awarded to the Arabs.

My comparison of the Dreyfus Affair with the June War linked the effect of the two public events on assimilated Jews and assimilated Arabs: the point-to-which of the assimilation was in both cases the Christian West. Herzl had embraced Europe: he had joined a German dueling club, had written for German theaters, had envisaged mass-baptism as a solution to a "Jewish problem" considered as a relic of the past. He was turned into a Zionist—that is, a separatist—by the attitude of the Parisian masses to the degradation of Captain Dreyfus. (Whether Dreyfus was guilty or innocent made no difference to the horror of crowds shouting "Death to the Jews!") Many Arab Christians, similarly assimilated to Western values, were alienated by the Western attitude to the June War, whose causes, *pace* Mr. Orgel, were complex. Extremist Arab statements could be balanced by extremist Israeli actions (such as the frequent reprisal raids on Arab villages or the planning of the 1956 invasion of Egypt); the Arab refusal to allow Israeli ships through the Canal must be set against the Israeli refusal to readmit Arab refugees—though such a readmission was one condition of Israel's admission to the UN. But in a state of mutual provocation, Israel, not the Arabs, made the pre-emptive attack. Since states of mutual provocation are not uncommon Israel set a dangerous precedent to the world at large.

Wells, Norfolk DESMOND STEWART

The letter of Hugh Orgel, from the Israeli Consulate, published in your August 27 issue, is nothing but a part of an Israeli campaign of propaganda and agitation directed against the Arab people.

The 1957 resolution did not re-partition Palestine. It partitioned Palestine between the Arabs and Jews. But, again, Mr. Orgel ignores the fact that the resolution gave the Jewish State only 56 per cent of Palestine. As a result of the terrorism launched in 1948 against the defenseless Arab indigenous inhabitants of the country, Israel emerged in 1948 occupying 78 per cent of Palestine, and uprooted more than one million Palestinians from their homes.

The Arab armies intervened after May 15, 1958 to save the rest of Palestine and to prevent the exodus of all the Arab inhabitants.

Ben Gurion, in his book *Rebirth and Destiny of Israel*, p. 530, stated:

"Until the British left, no Jewish settlement, however remote, was entered or seized by the Arabs, while the Haganah captured many Arab positions and liber-

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HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$47.76 TO $59.72	$39.80 TO $49.80	$19.90 TO $24.90	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny – because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF –GUARANTEED never less than a third! No exceptions.
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent – and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received.
CAN YOU BUY ANY TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Substantial discounts on all available tapes at no extra membership fee.

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★ No "quotas" to buy. Take 0 records—or 100!

★ SAVE! Discounts up to 79%! Prices as low as 99¢ per LP!

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★ Every record brand new, first quality, factory fresh – and guaranteed fully returnable!

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We're the largest ALL LABEL record club in the world. Choose any LP...on any label... including new releases. No exceptions! Tapes included (cartridge, cassettes, reel-to-reel, etc.) *without* the "extra" membership fee other clubs demand. Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You *never* pay full-price—and *never* pay $1 extra for stereo! You get best-sellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

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We are the *only* major record club NOT OWNED...NOT CONTROLLED...NOT SUBSIDIZED" by any record manufacturer anywhere. Therefore we are *never* obliged by company policy" to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record clubs, from offering the very newest records. *Only Record Club of America offers records as low as 99¢.* (You can't expect "conventional" clubs to be interested in keeping record prices *down* – when they are manipulated by the very manufacturers who want to keep record prices *up!*)

Join Record Club of America now and take advantage of this special INTRODUCTORY HALF PRICE membership offer. Mail coupon with check or money order—NOT for regular $5.00 fee—but only HALF THAT PRICE ...just $2.50. You SAVE $2.50. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee.

Look What You Get

- *Lifetime Membership Card* guarantees you brand new LP's at dealer cost. Discounts up to 79%.
- *Free Giant Master Catalog* lists available LP's of *all* labels! Over 15,000 listings!
- *Disc®*, the Club's FREE magazine, and special Club Sales Announcements which update the Master Catalog with *extra discount specials.*

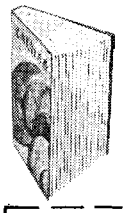
Guaranteed Same-Day Service

Record Club's own computer system, ships order *same day received!* Every record brand new, fully guaranteed.

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%) – return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE! Join nearly one million budget-wise record collectors now, mail coupon to: Record Club of America, Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $1.00 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you – The more gift members you get – the more you save! See coupon for your big savings.



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ated Tiberias, Haifa, Jaffa and Safad. So, on the day of destiny (May 15, 1948) that part of Palestine where the Haganah could operate was almost clear of the Arabs."

Mr. Orgel states, "Trans-Jordan swallowed the independent Arab State." The fact is that 22 per cent of the independent Arab State was swallowed by the Zionists by force. What was left of Palestine joined in a brotherly union with Trans-Jordan in 1950 in accordance with the wishes of the people themselves. This continues to be their will and free choice. The thousands of protests submitted after the Israeli aggression of June 5, 1967, by the inhabitants of the West Bank re-affirming their unity with the East Bank of Jordan, are a glaring rebuttal to Mr. Orgel's allegation.

FAROUK KASRAWI
Consul
Consulate General of the Hashemite
New York, N.Y. Kingdom of Jordan

Humanae Vitae

I enjoyed reading Mr. Herberg's article in the last issue ["The Plight of American Catholicism," August 27], but I couldn't help but contrast its spirit with that of the NATIONAL REVIEW appraisal of Pope Paul's encyclical *Humanae Vitae* [August 13], which I read with dismay. The latter reminded me of the liberal attacks on Senator Joe McCarthy over a decade ago, to wit, none of them was addressed to the central question: were there in fact members of the Communist Party in the governmental structure? Likewise, before one criticizes the Pope's encyclical, one should face the primary problem: is artificial contraception moral? And in discovering a solution, it simply is no use to abandon reason and its accomplishments in the area of Natural Law, to state (disturbingly beneath the dignity of the NATIONAL REVIEW intellect), "This is a view *not only* opposed by most modern schools of philosophy . . . but contrary to all modern experience. Does a Catholic have to accept, as part of his faith, a particular philosophical school?" I confess that I was under the impression that a Catholic must accept *something* as part of his faith, to which endeavor the magazine's analysis was woefully inadequate. I suggest that if the inquiry were pressed to its limits, the above quote would tell us less about Natural Law and the morality of artificial contraception than it would about "modern experience."

Piggott, Ark. THOMAS P. LEGGETT

A Few Friendly Words

I may as well tell you that your magazine is about the only thing I can read here in Vietnam, on matters concerning Vietnam, without becoming; a) ill, b) violently ill c) enraged, d) incredulous, e) ill all over again.

The reluctance on the part of the American press to see things as they are or in seeing them, telling them as they are

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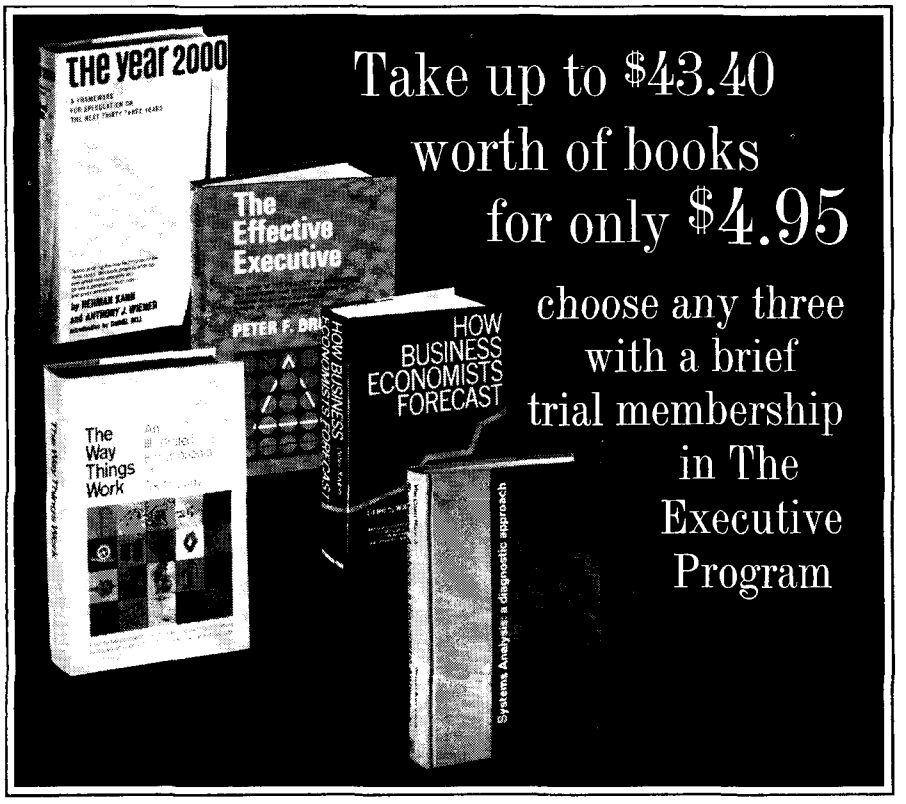
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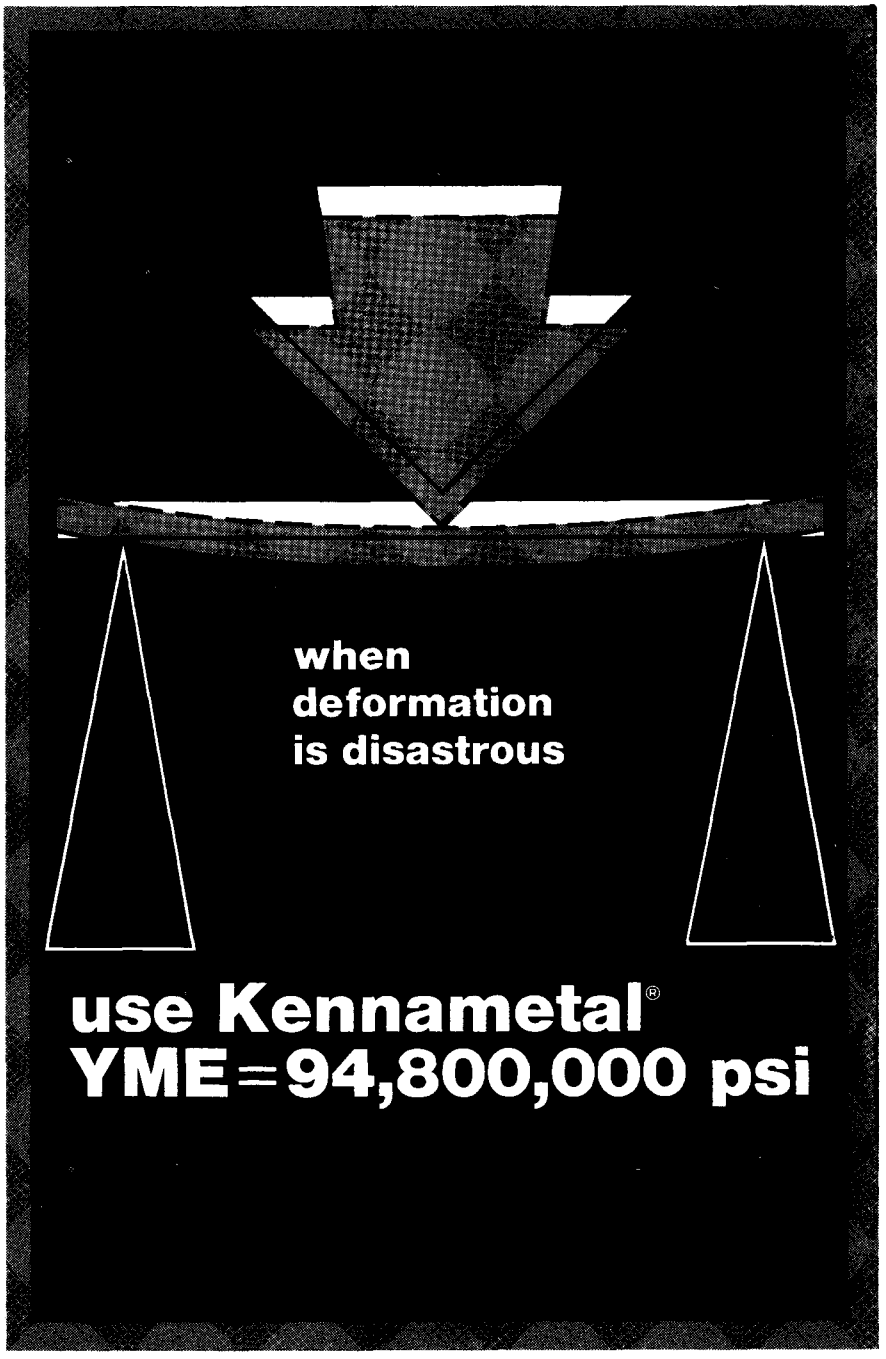

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is a bit confusing. Meanwhile, articles and observations in *NR* are a welcome respite from the "Quotations of Chairman Morse" which, printed by the Hanoi press, are found tacked to trees and land in cannister type mortar shells that we once gave to Chiang Kai-shek.

WAYLAND A. RONNING JR., Lt. USAF
Pleiku, Vietnam

Out of the midst of a whirl of confusion, comes the finest piece of reporting, a la wise (but not too wise) commentary, I have ever come across—namely "The Nixon Convention" by Garry Wills.

Blairstown, N.J. HAROLD CROSS KELSHAW

That's the Ballgame

Standing ovation for Victor Gold's immensely funny and ingenious adaptation of liberalism's favorite clichés to the world of baseball. As a graduate of the Class of '68, I was accidentally caught in a course which was "committed" to the "relevant." That load of clichés was hurled around self-consciously but determinedly, like ejaculations to the Blessed Mother. Unfortunately, I suppose, we can't expect too many more articles along the same line, since the liberals' vocabulary was just about used up in Mr. Gold's one-page spread.

As to *NR*'s amusement and irritation over the majority of the press's referring to freedom-seeking Czechoslovakians as "liberals" and Stalinists as "conservatives," I am similarly perturbed. It would seem to me that the only way to describe a movement which is clearly counter-revolutionary, and which is striving to return to a system which was once in existence, is by use of that one most objectionable of all words: reactionary!

Bayonne, N.J. JOHN AMBROSE

Even Better

Regarding the readjustment of the Alabama vote one of your correspondents indicated that Nixon would have been a popular winner by 28,745. Actually, it would have been 234,960, to wit:

JFK 1960 Vote	34,227,096
Less: Alabama Vote	324,050
	33,903,046
Add: 5/11s of 324,050	147,295
	34,050,341
Nixon 1960 Vote	34,108,546
Add: 6/11s of 324,050	176,755
Nixon's Total	34,285,301
JFK's Total	34,050,341
Nixon Plurality	234,960

Miami Beach, Fla. JOHN C. DOERFER

Some Other Counties Heard From

In the middle of his hilarious review of Pamela Hansford Johnson's latest novel *The Survival of the Fittest* ["Three (Yawn) Novels," August 13] Guy Davenport saw fit to take a swat at the Garden State. I refer to the following passage: "Dullness, flat, unresonant, grey, hopeless dullness

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must have its absolutes, as nature has her Saharas, Antarcticas, and New Jerseys." Now it is, of course, impossible to know in what terrestrial paradise Professor Davenport was sequestered when he wrote this comment. But if the location was 150 East 35th Street, New York City—which is to say, the center of an island which lacerates the eye at every turn—then one regrets the double standard and the unkindness to a next-door neighbor.

More to the point, though New Jersey has, admittedly, landscapes straight out of Dante, they do not tell the whole story. Let the good professor mount his Honda and take a leisurely trip through the northwestern portion of the state (Sussex, Warren, Morris counties, etc.). The region is not dull nor grey nor hopeless. And it certainly is not flat (Consult Rand-McNally on this latter point).

On the whole, then, a more appropriate state should have been chosen for the comparison. Shall we say Delaware?

North Plainfield, N.J. ROBERT PAOLI

Point . . .

I would like to thank NATIONAL REVIEW and, in particular, Neil McCaffrey, for the fine report on vintage jazz and pop which appeared in the August 27 issue.

Jack Teagarden, the subject of part of Mr. McCaffrey's article, was the only jazzman, excepting only Louis Armstrong, who played and sang the blues with equal conviction and excellence. Likewise (and Mr. McCaffrey's piece confirms my belief), there is only one magazine which has succeeded in consistently reporting both politics and the arts, with honesty and skill—NATIONAL REVIEW

Philadelphia GARY TURETSKY

. . . Counterpoint

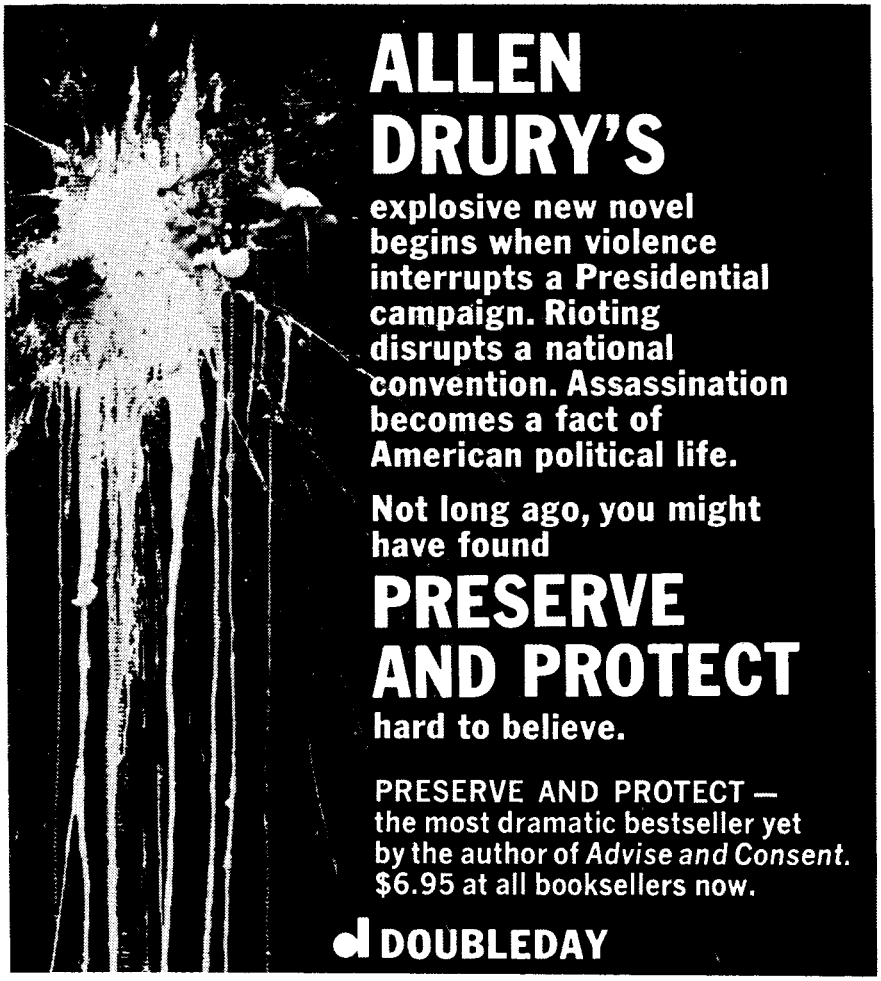
Here I am—barren in spirit, beleaguered of mind, heartsick. Again you have lured Neil McCaffrey from his music room (where, I suspect, he sits Nipper-like for hours on end by his windup Victrola). Someone seems to have wised him up: except for the snide cracklet in Paragraph One (". . . all the garbage they've been dumping out the windows for the past decade. . . ."), he's stopped gas-paining about My Music. But please, some equal time! Where is more Richard Corliss on pop? Again, *please*—or it's CMS and off to the Aleutians, to hear the Top Forty on Radio Nome.

Hazelton, Ind. FERRIS CORK

Erratum

Your July 2 For the Record carries the insinuation that the Coca Cola Company signed Miriam Makeba *after* she became Mrs. Stokely Carmichael. The fact is that she was signed some two years ago and her services used principally in Africa.

J. S. GRIGSBY JR.
Secretary-Treasurer
Southern States Industrial Council
Nashville, Tenn.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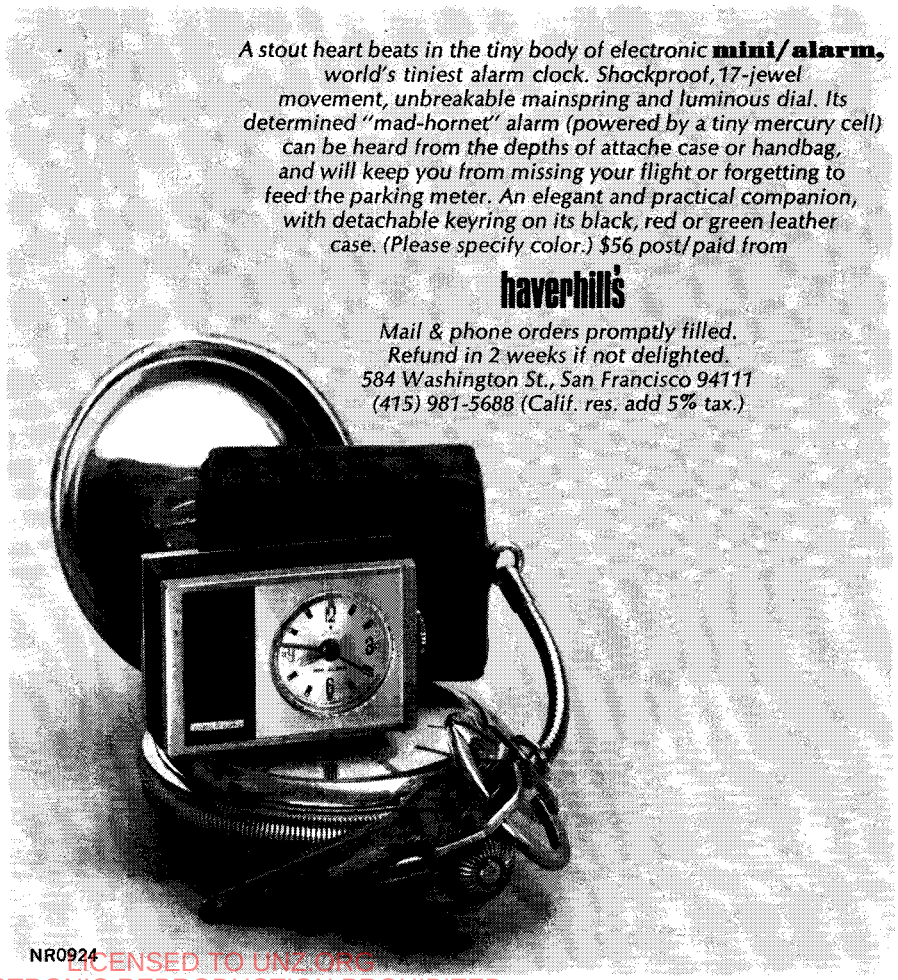
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THE WEEK

■ Dr. Wedge, the eminent psychiatrist, was retained by the Kennedy Administration to analyze the mind of Nikita Khrushchev. Kennedy had Wedge's findings in hand when he met with, and was bowled over by, Khrushchev in Vienna, in 1961. Now, the principals having left the scene, along comes Dr. Wedge to explain that his findings had been pretty damned exact right along the line, with one exception. "I suggested," says Wedge of K, "that he was open, not capable of concealment. Since then we have learned a great deal more about the Soviet system and Mr. Nikita Khrushchev." And have we learned a lot more about head shrinkers.

■ Let's face it. What with George Wallace doing so handsomely among trade union members, who have voted overwhelmingly Democratic in every Presidential election since 1932, it's a sticky wicket trying to slam Wallace and not insult the goodly union crew. Here's how Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* solved the problem (Sept. 5): "A lot of nominal Democrats—union members, for one example—will vote for Wallace." Thirty years the unions have belonged to the Democratic Party, and now, after just one little transgression, they're only *nominal* Democrats.

■ And the Wallace support, as has been pointed out by such observers as Vermont Royster (*Wall Street Journal*), is not restricted to mere unionists anxious about their jobs or their neighborhoods. It comes from two other large pools of voters. One is the group who see little difference between Nixon and Humphrey, are fatigued with machine politics in all its forms, and will vote for Wallace simply because he is Brand X, the symbol of distinctiveness, change, the junking of the old formulas. The other group are those people who are tired of being vilified for their perfectly normal feelings. As Royster says (Sept. 11): "If they spoke their fears about slum riots, they were told they were racists. If they complained about taxes, they were selfish. If they wept for their children in Haight-Ashbury, they were old fogies. If they asked the policemen to clear the streets, they were reactionaries. And if they dared to see some virtue in family, thrift, industry, or self-reliance they were merely bourgeois. So here comes a man who plays upon these nebulous anxieties. . . . George Wallace would never have been heard of if others had not for too long ignored the discontents of many decent, honorable and justly concerned people."

■ The fleeting rumor that former Senator A. B. "Happy" Chandler would be George Wallace's choice for Vice President inspired a few reflections about this curious third-party campaign. First, one had entirely forgotten that Wallace needs a running mate. His movement, it has seemed, is so utterly complete with its one leader. Secondly, that a candidate who is preferred by some 20 per cent of the electorate might, after a long search, settle on a seventy-year-old former baseball commissioner as his best man was a stiffening reminder that Wallace supporters are far from any random 20 per cent. Finally, that Chandler might have been, as was reported, turned down at the eleventh hour because he is soft on civil rights lit up the extreme posture of the Wallace movement. As governor of Kentucky, Chandler did virtually nothing for Negroes, and the fact that Jackie Robinson made it to the major leagues during Happy Chandler's tenure as baseball commissioner is pure coincidence, since baseball commissioners are only puppets of the club owners. And so the world is left wondering: Which puppet will George Wallace turn to next?

■ Odds on Senate confirmation, this session, of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice are dropping daily on the political market. Michigan Senator Robert P. Griffin, leader of the Republican opponents of the appointment, has demanded a reopening of Judiciary Committee hearings prior to floor debate. Pointing out that additional information has come to light on Fortas' "involvement in the operations of the executive branch while sitting as a Justice of the Supreme Court," Senator Griffin reported that "members of the Senate are appropriately concerned about charges that the doctrine of separation of powers has been disregarded by Justice Fortas." (He did not need to add that Republican members of the Senate are also appropriately concerned about the good chance of having a Republican President on hand to do the appointing next session.) If and when the Fortas nomination does get to the floor, loyal Administration supporters themselves doubt that even another LBJ-Dirksen sleight-of-hand will be able to bring it to a vote before adjournment.

■ To the surprise and chagrin of nearly everyone, Huey Newton, Minister of Defense for Oakland's Black Panther Party, was convicted of "manslaughter" last week. The prosecution charged that Newton gunned down two policemen, one of whom died, and the evidence presented during the eight-week trial seemed to prove either that Newton is thoroughly guilty of the murder and attempted murder of two law enforcement officers, or that he is thoroughly innocent—having been set upon by a couple of racist cops. The jurors in the case, perhaps intimidated by threats from both sides, elected to act like mediators of a labor dispute. After four days of deliberation they handed down a verdict that will put Newton in jail for two to fifteen years, an absurdly short sentence if he is a murderer, an unconscionably long one if he is not. The day after, angry Black Panthers were talking violence, and the day after that, two embittered policemen, now under arrest, shot up the Panther headquarters. Which suggests that the way to achieve a real peace in Oakland, as in the New York schools, as on all other battlefields, is not to slap together some ridiculous compromise but to determine what is just and then follow through.

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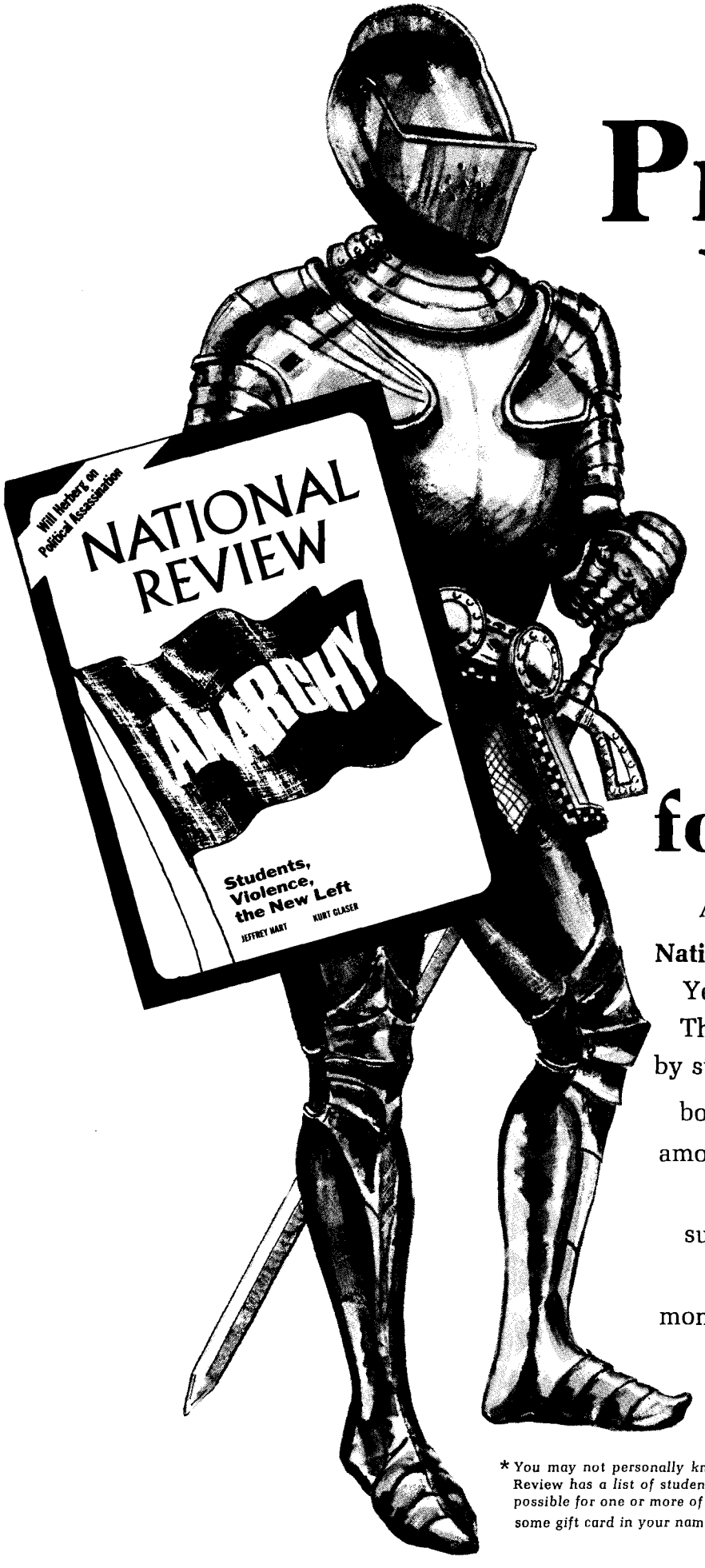

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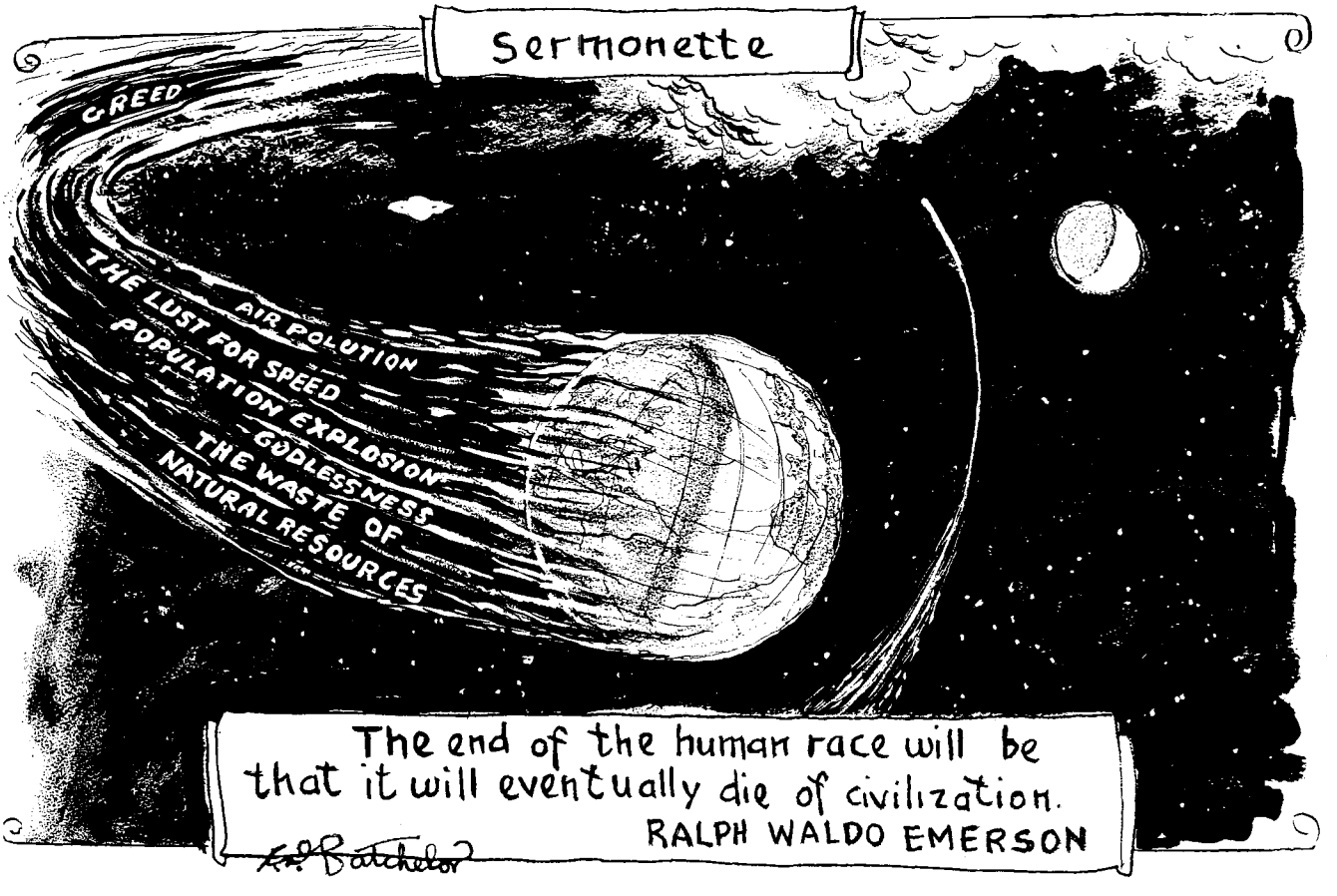
■ It's not quite fair to say that the press boycotted last week's National Conference of Black Power, since, as it happened, the conferees announced in advance that no honky newsmen would be privy to the goings-on. Blackout or Whiteout the net result was the same, almost no news on happenings that are eminently newsworthy. For one, the creation of a Republic of New Africa (RNA), to be established in five southern states "by arms if necessary." This was a pet project of the U.S. Communist Party in the Thirties, an interesting precedent since RNA's President-elect is one Robert Williams, late of North Carolina and later, after his flight from kidnaping charges, of Havana and Peking. In other conference doings, the Black Powerites voted through a Vietnam platform that Williams can stand on in all good conscience. Negroes are to "resist being used as cannon fodder for this racist imperialist war."

■ J. Edgar Hoover got surprising front-page coverage even in the firmly anti-Hoover press for his warning that the New Left, led by the SDS, was planning systematic disruption on college campuses across the country as part of a larger plan "to smash first our educational structure, then our economic system and finally our government itself." Mr. Hoover's warning looked especially ominous, following feature headlines predicting that this will be a bad year for teachers' strikes and threatened school shutdowns at every level.

■ Congress refused to pass the 10 per cent income tax hike until President Johnson had promised to reduce federal spending by $6 billion. It now appears that he has reduced federal spending by about $1.7 billion, and the shortfall in thrift is blamed on unavoidable, unforeseeable, or already legislated rises in certain programs. The Executive (through Budget Director Zwick) says it is now the duty of Congress to order cutbacks in certain non-defense programs. Congress is disposed to increase the number of programs that should be exempted from the considerations of prudence; sacred cows like Medicare and farm price supports are already mooing in the land. It's a safe bet that the final fiscal 1969 deficit will greatly exceed that $5 billion now forecast. But it's heartening to notice the first faint hints of a system of priorities in federal spending—something that will be welcome to its most recent proponent, Barry Goldwater.

■ Along with the new-found need to establish priorities in federal spending (see above), there are other highly encouraging bits of news. On September 9 a House-Senate conference voted the lowest appropriation for foreign aid since the start of that folly in 1946. In mid-September a liberal Democrat, Rep. Richard Ottinger (N.Y.), proudly mailed to his constituents the text of his speech, "Time to Replace Welfare"—a frontal attack on the extravagance and fecklessness of the entire current federal welfare program, and a bid to replace it with something more creative (but, alas, basically, not much different). And then Albert Kraus writes a think piece in the *New York Times* in which he notes that the "re-



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forms" of the 1930s have created a new class (tr.: unionists) who are enjoying bourgeois living and trying to exclude today's downtrodden (by the way: where were today's downtrodden in the 1930s)? Kraus concludes that the new politics, to accommodate the "have nots," "may require far more than merely giving them party representation. To some degree, it may mean a reversal of the revolution of the 1930s and repudiation of those 'haves' unwilling to move over and make room." It looks as if the architects of the Hand-out State are beginning to question their handiwork.

■ The international monetary situation continues to show signs of stress. Through the Bank of International Settlements, ten Western nations have just arranged the equivalent of $2 billion in loans to shore up Britain's hapless finances (and to support Harold Wilson's atavistic socialism). The annual report of the International Monetary Fund warns the United States that it must greatly increase its fiscal and monetary restraints—or the international monetary order will be jeopardized. The dollar falls in relation to the franc (snapping back after the removal of exchange controls) and the mark (under non-inflationary policies). A recent symposium of Presidential-type economists, colored from left to right, agreed that neither Nixon nor Humphrey has, so far, invented an escape from the dilemma: hyper-full employment, or fiscal sanity, but not both.

■ What will the Czech crisis do to NATO? At least brake the process of dissolution. West Germany, prime target of Soviet propaganda and troop movements, rethinks its reluctance to foot the bill for visiting American and British forces. The U.S. postpones projected troop withdrawals. France, eligible to leave NATO next year, may stay on the roster, though de Gaulle still talks détente with the Soviets. Said French Foreign Minister Michel Debré, cleverly, cynically: "You don't ban traffic on a road just because there has been an automobile accident."

■ Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of Ibos have been killed in cold blood in the past couple of years. It was the bad luck of Nigerian Lt. Macauly Lamurde that a peripetetic British TV crew happened to film his murder of an unarmed Biafran soldier. Bad show. Lamurde was summarily courtmartialed, another British TV called in, and his execution duly recorded for the delectation of millions more in Britain. So are wars fought in the Age of McLuhan.

■ Once again the question arises: How to make free television time available to political candidates? If Channel 21 interviews Humphrey, present law says it must interview Nixon, and Wallace, and Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, equally. Congress can suspend that provision, making way for debates between major candidates, and leaving it to the networks to decide whether Wallace is or isn't major, and treating him accordingly. Basically the problem is how to get a Nixon-Humphrey debate on television without being force-fed Wallace. Simple solution: abolish the idea that the networks should give time away. Let the Democratic and Republican national committees put up the dough, jointly, to buy an hour of prime time for the debate. And Wallace can buy his own time, as he did a week ago.

■ Americans of Italian Descent, Inc. are not amused by a scheme afoot in the old country to film Marcello Mastroianni in a put-down of Christopher Columbus. In fact, they're filing a formal protest with the Italian government. And the Polish-American Guardian Society is fed up with Polish jokes on television. "Polish people in America have been submissive to ethnic insults, whereas Jewish and Negro groups were combative," says one of the Polish-American Guardians. Too bad neither he nor the Italian Descendants seem to have latched on to the cure show biz has contrived for the pluralist society. Jews, and *only* Jews, may tell Jewish jokes. Negroes, and *only* Negroes, may tell Negro jokes. So bring on Marcello Columbus, and who was that Polish comedian we saw you with last night?

If a Tree Falls and There Is No One to Hear, Is There a Sound?

The myth has jelled. In Chicago during the Democratic convention, defenseless kids (overexuberant in their idealism perhaps, but just kids) and concerned, ordinary citizens (just folks like you and me) were clubbed, manhandled and tossed into paddy wagons by those blue-helmeted beasts, the Chicago police. What for? Well, for gathering spontaneously, exercising their rights of free speech and assembly. Reporters and photographers were singled out for especially brutal treatment—an attack, clearly, on freedom of the press. Chicago stands shamed before America; America, before the world and, P.S., it's all the fault of that old fascist, Mayor Richard Daley.

There is nothing older than old news—but what about the news that never gets printed, or broadcast? *Is* it news? Is anyone interested in the question of just what it was that the police so "over-reacted" to? Probably not, but permit us a moment of iconoclasm.

1. *The demonstrations in Chicago were not spontaneous, they were planned.* Back in November 1967, Youth International Party (Yippie) leader Jerry Rubin invited readers of the *Village Voice* to the convention: "Bring pot, fake delegates' cards, smoke bombs, costumes, blood to throw. . . . Also football helmets." Early this year, the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam (MOB) (headed by pacifist and self-

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proclaimed Communist David Dellinger) set up a "Chicago Project Committee." Rennie Davis was put in charge, with orders to "work closely" with Hayden and Rubin. On June 29, Hayden and Dellinger told a press conference that they were "planning tactics of prolonged direct action" (New Left language for anything that produces a confrontation with the System) for Chicago.

On August 9 Davis, Hayden and Yippie "organizer" Abbie Hoffman met to plan the demonstrations—MOB (the hardcore antiwar Left) and the Yippies (politically mobilized flower children) were operating jointly. Hoffman opened outdoor classes in snake-dancing, groin-kicking, cop-spraying and similar tactics. Students were reminded to try to be arrested in front of photographers. Three weeks before the convention, at a secret meeting presided over by Dellinger, a MOB official announced that press releases and statements for "victims of police brutality" had already been prepared.

2. *Demonstrators were not denied their constitutional rights.* MOB took the city to court, seeking parade and assembly permits—but with conditions that guaranteed, in advance, refusal. Davis sought permission for 200,000 people to march to the convention hall on nomination night, and for 150,000 to assemble at the Grant Park band shell—requests impossible to grant, given the need for security and traffic control. The actual number of Yippies, MOBbies and other protestors in Chicago during the week never amounted to more than 12,000—as Davis knew perfectly well; he wanted confrontations, not permits. MOB also insisted on being granted an assembly site "within eyeshot" of the International Amphitheatre —two sites, in fact, both on private property, whose owners chose not to make them available.

3. *The Chicago police were very, very provoked.* The psywar had been going on for weeks, in leaflets, underground papers and (whenever they would listen) the straight media: There would be violence, there would be 100,000, 200,000, 500,000 demonstrators, the Loop would be taken over, the Amphitheatre would be burned, and, over and over again, cops were pigs, fascists, beasts, brutes, doomed. During the week itself, in almost every confrontation with the demonstrators (and in all confrontations which erupted in violence), police were pelted with rocks, bottles, stones, bricks and golf balls with nails driven through them, and sprayed with caustic solutions, and, always, howled at with the vilest insults imaginable: besides ordinary epithets, detailed references to their alleged sexual eccentricities, those of their wives, of their mothers.

Throughout the week, merchants in the Old Town area near Lincoln Park reported heavy purchases by Yippie types of oven spray (a caustic), hair spray (makes a dandy flame-thrower), flammables, blunt instruments, sharp instruments—a whole dimestore arsenal, and one that was used: The Department released a list of the 198 policemen who were injured in demonstrations, which includes such casualties as "Burns on face . . . sprayed in eyes by unknown chemical . . . human bite—elbow . . . hit in chest with brick . . . kicked in groin . . . abrasion to eye—unknown chemical . . . hit in groin and thigh with brick . . ." No Chicago policeman, by the way, fired a shot all week.

4. *The news media distorted the hell out of all this.* In their day-to-day coverage, national television and the wire services gave no hint of the provocations hurled at the Chicago police. Viewers saw only the nightsticks rising and falling; they never heard the unison chants of "Fuck the Cops" or saw the bags of human excrement thrown by the Yippies. And after the convention, when it was time to sum up, all the Respected Commentators could do was gangbang the cops. Perhaps because they were mad as hell—the police did, after all, club or otherwise injure 32 reporters and photographers, and hell hath no fury like a journalist when his comrades are kicked around. And still later, when Mayor Daley asked equal time to tell his and the police side of the story, the networks refused. Of course, it was all old news by then—and have you ever known a major news outlet to admit that it was ever wrong about anything?

The news media were awfully cozy with the demonstators, anyway. To get their stories, they went right in there among them—and a policeman handling a mob may not have the time to examine press credentials. Senator Gale McGee (D., Wyo.) reports that he saw a TV camera crew lead two hippie girls over to a line of National Guardsmen, then photograph the scene while the girls obligingly screamed "Don't beat me! Don't beat me!" And according to an undercover policeman, Rubin boasted that the networks advised him (via SDS head-

Le Roman de la Gauche or The Joyful Warrior

Verbose Sir Hubert of the Drugstore, Self-Made Man,
Bestrode the platform—(Any one will do, he'd pled)—
Declared his musky suit to main and also-ran
Opponents daily vanquished by the lake, then sped
Along his meany ways, cascades of goodies strewn
Before the caucus herd—for tired and poor and blacks
And whites and dumb and bright (but ne'er the Right)
—rough hewn
From ethnic blocks, consensus-carved by party hacks.

A hush descended on the throng, not yet dismayed
By what they had parlayed from dross into a lord,
Immune to dank ungoverned prophesies of gloom.
The knight (in jaybird armor, banefully surveyed
Frail remnants of his Master's wailing, scattered horde,
His ostrich headed left), rode grinning to his doom.

DAVID BRUDNOY

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quarters) where their cameramen would be, so that he could plan his activities accordingly.

So. The police, some of them, did "over-react." A policeman is, after all, an average Joe with a wife, 2.54 kids and a mortgage; give Joe a nightstick and a badge and put him in front of a taunting, surging mob and you do not automatically get Sir Lancelot. Especially if he is badly under-trained in the handling of large crowds and super-especially if the crowds are out to get *him,* rather than some other target (a supermarket; a rock-n-roll idol) under his protection.

It may be, as Garry Wills suggests elsewhere in this issue, that the young demonstrators led their leaders more than the other way around—that is irrelevant; violence was planned, and sought, and occurred. It is certainly *not* true that the demonstrators were, as Senator Stephen M. Young (D., Ohio) claimed the other day, carefree youngsters "filled with enthusiasm for Senator Eugene McCarthy . . . singing, laughing, shouting and passing out McCarthy literature." (The nihilists were of course delighted to let befuddled McCarthyites into their ranks to be clubbed—they looked so respectable.) In "the kids' " view, a McCarthy nomination would have helped the System, and the System is what they are out to destroy. Our leaders, our courts, our news media and especially our police had best learn how to deal with that threat. Meanwhile, we should not say of the police (the British journalist Peregrine Worsthorne neatly put the words in our mouths), "This beast is dangerous—when attacked he defends himself."

The Omniscient Press

On August 20, troops of five Warsaw Pact nations invaded and occupied Czechoslovakia. The news came as a stunning surprise to Americans who had read in the preceding three weeks: The *Guardian* (Aug. 17): "That the Soviets had no intention of marching into Czechoslovakia was apparent from the beginning. Reports of an impending invasion were the fabrication of hostile elements and press."

The *Nation* (Aug. 5): "There will certainly be no outside intervention. The Russians cannot afford to lose more of their dwindling retinue and perhaps risk another Hungary, which both sides use as a bogy against each other."

The *Christian Science Monitor* (Aug. 1): "The Czechoslovak Army is again counted one of the most efficient fighting forces in Europe and as seen by the Soviet Union potentially the most reliable, most effective army of the Warsaw Pact allies."

UPI, Prague (Aug. 19): "It is a measure of the freedom that has come to Czechoslovakia that 2,000 former secret policemen today wear the uniform of ordinary Prague patrolmen."

Columnist Joseph C. Harsch (Aug. 20): Washington appears to be clinging even more tenaciously than Moscow to the dwindling power of the sword. The Muscovites decided that there are better ways than tanks for handling painful problems with the Czechs; which amounted in effect to downgrading the sword as an instrument of policy."

Or, *Andrei Gromyko,* any place, any year: "Our country has always given resolute support to the national liberation movements of the peoples, the movements for freedom and independence. Our country has always been an active force in the struggle for the liquidation of colonial oppression."

The High Cost of Nothing

Discussion of the Czech invasion has concerned for the most part its political and moral elements. It is advisable to begin paying somewhat more attention to its military dimension.

For example: Soviet and allied military power has in the past two months advanced several hundred miles westward in central Europe, and substantially westward all along the line. Two months ago there were no Soviet troops stationed in Czechoslovakia. Today there are more than half a million. Two months ago Czechoslovakia's borders with the Free World were lightly screened by Czech guards and soldiers; today six or more Soviet divisions are deployed along the West German border and other Soviet units are moving into place along the Austrian border. Reserve units have been called up in Poland and East Germany. At least a quarter of a million Soviet troops have been shifted westward to fill the places of the occupation armies—which means an over-all westward shift of Soviet military power. →

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Further: The invasion was a model military operation carried out with speed, precision, efficiency and discipline. This is all the more remarkable not only for the huge size of the invading force but in the fact that it comprised units from five different national armies, even if the satellite contingents were minor. The command difficulties in integrating actions of units from several nations are notorious. The invading force, moreover, included almost every sort of modern combat and support unit—infantry, armored, airborne, all types of aircraft, missile (including missile units with nuclear capability), artillery of all kinds, electronic, propaganda, every kind of supply, etc.—the works.

Again: Although the contingent preparation for the action must have begun months ago and the first decision to go ahead made at least days and probably weeks beforehand, no Western intelligence service called the shot. The buildup and maneuvering on the Czech border were of course known. Everyone understood that Moscow had the capability for the invasion—though not quite so impressive a capability as was demonstrated. But all Western services misjudged Moscow's intentions; none learned of or deduced the actual decision to strike.

And: The Western nations and their military arms were passive in the face of both the buildup and the actual invasion.

So: What is to prevent Moscow & Co. from invading another nation when it thinks the moment opportune? Neither our strategic nuclear force nor our tactical nuclear weapons nor the existing armies, navies and air forces of the NATO alliance stopped or attempted to stop the march into Czechoslovakia. So if it's Rumania next month? The Kremlin *promised* the White House? Quite possibly; like Hitler's Reich, the Kremlin has often enough made such promises, and its signature is on the UN Charter. But promises didn't help the Czechs when the tanks started moving. Yugoslavia? Berlin? West Germany? But now you're getting beyond "the Soviet sphere of interest." And did they *promise* to stay inside that mysterious sphere?

The *Economist*—the very *soul* of sobriety—is constrained to conclude: "The Russians' move forward means that there would be even less time for NATO to prepare itself against an impending attack than there was when these Russian divisions had to be sent forward from Russia itself. And after what has happened in Czechoslovakia—and the tough line the Russians are now taking with the West Germans—it can no longer be assumed that the men who are running the show in Moscow have written off the whole idea of an adventure into western Europe." In the same issue, a reader writes in: "So we pay for a NATO army that it should do nothing, silently, once a decade? I should have such a job.—Yours Faithfully." (P. W. Haston of Cloghane, County Kerry.)

The Sore Heads

Diehard McCarthyites decline
To vote for Hubert Humphrey, since
Convention capers made them wince.
Irreconcilable, they dine
In solitary with The Prince,
Who, failing flatly to convince,
Hoots hee-haws at the donkey sign.
Sometimes it's politic to pine.
(Remember Hamlet.) To evince
Some sensitivity is fine.
Why stuff yourself on every blintz?
But pouting tends to undermine . . .
Although I soap and soak and rinse,
I've *still* got washing on the line
Which Rocky stained incarnadine.

W. H. von Dreele

Intrigue in New York

The political drama last week in New York reached the point where nothing less than the winner of the Presidential election was being gambled. Ideally for the nation's Republicans, Nixon's name should have appeared not only on the Republican line but on the Conservative Party line. The Conservatives were willing. But not so Bosses Rockefeller and Javits. The public reason: Conservatives are fielding their own candidates in some races against Republicans, and anyway, third parties are wicked. (Javits is running on the Liberal as well as the Republican line.) The private reason: dislike and resentment of the Conservative Party, whose supergrowth (it beat out the Liberal Party in 1966, and could get a million votes this year) they fear; plus also a majestic indifference to the fate of Richard Nixon. (See "On the Right.")

Nixon was caught in a fearful squeeze. On the one hand he couldn't put public pressure on Rockefeller-Javits to permit Republican electors to accept Conservative Party designation, for fear of giving them a casus belli which they would parlay into tacit noncooperation with Nixon during the campaign. On the other hand, if he showed himself indifferent to Conservative support, the Conservatives could, having been denied Nixon, name their own candidate for President, or (it gets technical) even name Nixon himself via a separate slate of electors. The result would have been seriously to hurt Nixon, by splitting his electoral strength.

Nixon handled the matter adroitly. Having ascertained that Rockefeller and Javits were unbudgeable, he stated publicly that he would "abide" by their decision (as if he had any choice). The Conservatives, mutinously enraged, were then quickly assuaged—by a letter from Nixon addressed to State Chairman J. Daniel Mahoney. This letter was an enormously important legitimizing gesture. Up until now, the Conservative Party has been more or less officially ignored, and the effort has been

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made to denounce it as kook-dominated. "I welcome the support of the Conservative Party," said Nixon in his letter, "which I regard as a responsible political organization, and solicit the support of its members in the forthcoming Presidential campaign." Obligingly, the Conservatives restrained themselves, and will name no candidate for President. That act of statesmanship, in sharp contrast to Rockefeller-Javits', is a tribute to the Party's state committee.

All will be well and forgotten if Nixon wins in New York. If he loses—by three hundred thousand votes or less; and thereby loses the election, you can put it down that the assassins were Nelson Rockefeller and Jacob Javits.

For the Honor of the Games

What has been most agonizing about the invasion of Czechoslovakia is the sense of frustration it engenders. As the tanks rolled and settled in, there has seemed to be nothing meaningful to be done, by individuals or governments. If we could not stop the tanks, surely there must be at least some symbolic gestures that would externalize our condemnation of this brutal act of totalitarian frightfulness. Belatedly, after shamefaced handwashing throughout the weeks of buildup, the State Department has ventured a few minimum gestures in that sense—cancellation of the Soviet tour of the Minneapolis Philharmonic and other cultural exchange projects, for example. We greet these warmly, and hope their tribe will increase.

In a letter to the *Times* (London) the English critic, Kenneth Tynan—one of the last men in the world whom anyone would accuse of anti-Communist or anti-Soviet excesses—has proposed what would probably be the most eloquent single gesture of this kind, and the one most likely to make a serious impression on the masters of the Kremlin: the expulsion of the teams of the five invading nations from the Olympic Games scheduled to be held next month in Mexico City.

NATIONAL REVIEW favors, in theory, a non-political conduct of the Games. But things don't work out that way, and if a political criterion is to be introduced, it should be even-handed. This year the International Olympic Committee has itself set the precedent. In April, surrendering to the pressure of a boycott threat from a bloc of African states egged on by the Communist governments, the Committee banned South African athletes even though—as the Committee had formally recognized—South Africa had met all the conditions laid down by the Committee, including the designation of a racially integrated team.

The invasion of Czechoslovakia was as brazen an act of aggression as has occurred in modern history. In the immediate shadow of that act, with the occupation forces in the midst of the process of crushing a people and a nation, it is an intolerable provocation that the flags of those five nations should be granted a place in the Olympic parade and should fly over the Olympic stadium. It is felt—or surely should be—as an intolerable hypocrisy by the athletes of the free nations to join with the officially selected representatives of the five aggressor states in the traditional pledge to "take part in these Olympic Games . . . for the glory of the sport and the honor of our team."

Kyril Tidmarsh, the well-known head of the *Times'* Moscow bureau, reported subsequent to publication of the Tynan proposal the Kremlin's apprehension at the possibility of an Olympic banning, and there is no doubt that it would be a significant blow to the prestige and self-confidence of the five Communist regimes in relation, first of all, to their own peoples.

Formally, the International Olympic Committee and the national committees are private, not government, bodies. Action by the International Committee would be required to disinvite the five Communist teams, as it did in April in the case of South Africa. The International Committee would so act if the United States and a few other important national committees demanded action and made clear that their own teams would be withdrawn if the ban were not imposed. The United States committee will move if it becomes clear that public opinion in this country, including the opinions of some of the Olympic competitors, wants it to move. *NR* suggests that opinions backing a ban on the teams from the five aggressor nations be made known by letters and telegrams addressed (with copies to the local press) to: Mr. Arthur G. Lentz, Executive Director, U. S. Olympic Committee, 57 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

We further suggest that it would be good to hear from one of the Presidential candidates on this subject.

They Will Not Be Silenced

The *Institut Litteraire* (91, Avenue de Poissy, Maisons-Laffitte, Seine-et-Oise, France) is the most influential literary and intellectual center-in-exile of eastern Europe. Founded just after the war by a distinguished group of Poles who refused to accept the communization of their country, it has published ever since that time the brilliant monthly magazine, *Kultura,* and found ways to circulate it primarily inside Poland and other East European nations. The *Institut* has translated scores of the foremost books, fiction and non-fiction, of Western writers into Russian as well as Polish, and has also made these available to readers within the Communist bloc. Through its close contacts with writers and intellectuals inside the curtain it has been the principal liaison point for the proscribed manuscripts of Russian, Polish, Ukrainian and Hungarian writers, and made possible their publication in the Western nations and their circulation at home. The *Institut,* with a bare minimum of funds, has done more than any other institution to reawaken and nourish the intellectual and spiritual ferment that, in spite of all the

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Kremlin's tanks, presses ever more strongly against the imprisoning walls of the Communist empire.

The focus of this ferment in Czechoslovakia was the weekly review, *Literarni Listy,* a prime and immediate target of the occupation. Jerzy Giedroyc, editor of *Kultura,* has just issued the following announcement concerning *Literarni Listy*:

> The Czech weekly review, *Literarni Listy,* along with the Polish *Po Prostu* and the Hungarian *Irodalmi Ujsay* of 1956, ranks high among those East European publications which, aiming at reforming socialism after years of debasement and abject servility, restored dignity to the printed word.
>
> The occupation of Czechoslovakia by the armed forces of the countries of the Warsaw Pact threatened the existence of *Literarni Listy,* and the board of editors was compelled to decide to discontinue publication. Many of the editors, contributors and staff were forced to flee the country.
>
> *Kultura* has decided to award a literary prize of 5,000 French francs ($1,250) to *Literarni Listy.* In doing so *Kultura* is acting not only in its own name but also in the name of many writers in Poland who, prevented from expressing their feeling of solidarity with the Czech weekly and their admiration for its attitude, have asked *Kultura* to be their spokesman.
>
> The main intention of this gesture is of course to erase, at least in a symbolic way, the shame of the Polish participation in the aggression against Czechoslovakia.
>
> But we have the additional aim of initiating a fund that will enable *Literarni Listy* to resume its activities, for the time being in exile, until the day when it will be possible to publish it in the country where it was born.

Notes & Asides

■ I have received a good deal of mail (all of which will in due course be acknowledged) concerning an aspect of a recent encounter with Gore Vidal at Chicago. Some correspondents have asked me to analyze the exchange with Mr. Vidal, but I am indisposed, at least for the time being, to do so. However, I cannot keep to myself one letter, from an elegant gentleman in Ohio, which I bequeath to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, and, indeed, to the national patrimony.

"Dear Mr. Buckley:

"Having been treated some half dozen nights to the transitory, but nonetheless hearty, menu offered by you, the Oracle of the East, and that wavy-locked author (who doubtless spends a good deal of his off season on the Spanish Steps), I was a bit taken aback Thursday evening (8-29) when . . . well, Bill, baby, you blew it.

"As far as I am able to determine, there is no such word in Roget's *Thesaurus* or Webster's *Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary* as 'mellifluity' (sic?), which I believe you used when referring to Mr. Humphrey's oratorical prowess. If you must use a noun stemming from the Latin *mel* (and I presume it is chic to do so when searching for terms applicable to Democrats these days), might I suggest 'mellifluousness' or 'mellifluence'? Of course, the vast majority of viewers would not have understood those terms, either.

"Now I readily pardon that error of commission, if indeed it is one. But I cannot pardon your more grievous error of omission, to wit: You really should have gone ahead and punched that little creep in his Goddamned mouth, you know.

"Finally, my wife maintains that you are a conceited ass and a thoroughly aggravating man; therefore, you can't be all that bad. She entertains similar notions about me.

"Regards and best wishes."

■ Happy news in the local publishing department. William Rickenbacker's new book, *Death of the Dollar,* which was published on August 16 by Arlington House, has sold out a first printing of 5,000 copies, and a second printing of 10,000 is in the works. It sold 16,000 copies through the Conservative Book Club as the August selection. Would you believe it, a book about gold, and the dollar?

■ It occurs to us that nobody has transmitted the views of Dr. Linus Pauling on the rape of Czechoslovakia. Dr. Pauling's views on the matter are certainly of interest to NATIONAL REVIEW readers, and if he has not found any other journal to pass them along, he can have space here.

■ Memo from Patrick Maines, Advertising Director:

"As I'm sure you know, it is a part of this department's sales approach to the ad community to promise product loyalty roughly equivalent to our reader loyalty. In this regard, I do think it would be worthwhile if you mention in a future 'Notes & Asides,' that all who advertise in NATIONAL REVIEW are not conservatives but are indeed friends of this magazine—that they (the advertisers) help defray our crippling publishing expenses—and that it is our hope that our readers will patronize their products or services." Couldn't have said it better myself; and didn't.

■ We have some very hot pieces lined up for the near future, one of them we don't even want to give the title of. Hope you'll enjoy them. *Know* you'll be edified by them.

■ *Combat* is doing fine, thanks very much. We'll be doing a certain amount of experimentation, and a lot of contact-making. What's more, it will be the first solvent NATIONAL REVIEW publication. Do you suppose we've been infiltrated? —**WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

CARE AND FEEDING OF RIOTS

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Rioting has become part of the American way of life, like football, strikes, conventions and picnics. Our riots come in many varieties: campus riots and ghetto riots, antiwar and antipoverty and antiproperty riots, spontaneous riots and planned riots, student, teacher and parent-teacher riots, black, white and black-and-white. About the only thing they all have in common is the fact itself of rioting. When we further note that the popularity of rioting is worldwide—in Communist, non-Communist, developed, advanced, dictatorial and democratic countries—we may suspect that it is in part a fashion spread in the rapid global way of fashions—mod clothes, rock music—in our age of electronic communications and jet travel. This fashionable dimension in rioting is especially visible in the youth. A young person can't really feel with it unless he has attended a riot or two; the fashionable young girl makes her debut at a well-publicized riot.

A Nourishing Diet

In this country, lately, rioting has shown a distinct tendency toward apartheid. In any given riot the rioters are as a rule almost all black or almost all white. It is approved doctrine that the former (black) category of riots is an expression of the grievances of black Americans at the sufferings of three centuries past and the disabilities of the present; and that the latter (white) category is an exercise by sweet young things of the rights of free speech and assembly with respect to such issues as the Vietnam war, conscription, and university administrative practices.

From the standpoint of this doctrine, both categories of riots—and most of our current riots fall into one or the other—are legitimate and justified. When the rioting evolves into a violent clash between the police (plus sometimes troops) and civilians, it is the police who are defined as the aggressors. The mayor, governor and chief of police, by alerting the security forces in advance of an announced "demonstration" (i.e. potential riot) are guilty of "provocation."

In conformity with the doctrine, the "solution" to "the problem of riots" is: a) "justice" for black Americans—i.e. education, jobs, housing, etc. plus retribution in various forms (including preferential treatment) for past deprivations; b) leeway for the young mostly white protesters to speak their piece and do their thing.

The doctrine does have to preserve a small corner for emergency police intervention. But this is unlikely if the "dissidents" are given the hearing they deserve, if the security forces are kept harnessed, and if it is known that "the underlying causes" are being vigorously dealt with. Excess on the part of the security force—"police brutality"—is responsible for any violence or destruction.

The treatment of riots in the communications media accords with this doctrine. Beforehand, the media confine themselves to picturesque presentation of beautiful blacks and sweet young things along with sympathetic projection of anti-Establishment leaders explaining their lofty Ideals in self-serving, suitably ideologized rhetoric. The phase of transition from "peaceful demonstration" or street corner dispute to violent confrontation somehow gets blurred or wholly lost in the shuffle. Somehow no one's pencil or camera is on the ready for the anti-cop obscenities and missiles. The big scene always features a savage cop beating a fallen victim, preferably female.

It is hard to conceive a doctrine that could provide a diet more nourishing to riots and rioters. I shall not on this occasion analyze its theoretical oddities, but mention only its practical irrelevance.

Many of our current riots, and most of the serious ones, have little to do with freedom of speech, assembly or petition. Riots like this year's at Columbia, Cleveland, Chicago, Berkeley, etc. are and are intended to be paramilitary operations in revolutionary warfare aiming at the destruction of "the power structure"—i.e. the existing order of government and society. It is irrelevant to insist that "the great majority" of the participants are idealistic sweet young things or suffering blacks. The great majority are merely raw material manipulated by the militants of SDS, the Youth International Party, the Trotskyite, Maoist, Castrovian and Muscovite Communists, Black Panthers and other extremist Black Powerites. (As a matter of fact, they may not be so sweet either, to judge from the Chicago obscenities and weapons we did *not* see on our TV screens.)

The Right to Riot

It is absurd to think that "granting the demands" will stop the riots. The activists select whatever demands they believe will be most stimulating and escalate as they go along. It is equally absurd to suppose that violence can be avoided by keeping the cops out of it. The new revolutionary tactics are planned to force a violent encounter with the police, which is believed to be the key experience in revolutionizing the normally inert "masses."

The approved doctrine, derived from liberal ideology, leads in application to the current situation toward acceptance of a *right to riot*. This has been apparent in the reaction of many commentators—including some conservatives—to the Chicago doings, which were an unambiguous instance, documented before, during and after, of rioting as a revolutionary operation. The right to riot negates the rights to security of person and property, of free access and thoroughfare, of legal process and of decision by democratic and constitutional procedures. This may come to seem a rather high price to pay. □

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What happened outside was of paramount importance. It could mean, says the author, that the next President of the United States, whoever he is, may not be able to govern this country

CONVENTION IN THE STREETS

GARRY WILLS

I. The Kids

FROM a high hotel window at the Republican National Convention, one saw only a restive rather dirty edge of the Atlantic—slide of one color across another, with tattered-lace slaps of grey lather, moving in festooned with nets of weed toward the smelly mini-beaches. At the Democratic Convention, a window similarly high looked over the green fretted apron of Grant Park and Lake Michigan's garish blue. The scene had the too-real brilliance of a big Kodak ad, lit from behind, in Grand Central Station. The lakefront museums showed massive through their clumps of trees. Sailboats leaned tactically in and out of the narrow gap in a long thin breakwater. And, on the grassy apron, a game seemed to be in progress, bowling on the lawn but with no click as the balls hit—all muffled, lazy movement. It seemed crazy, but these were human beings being bowled, rolled, lifted, dragged in a genial mingle of people, as at a county fair.

But when I went down into this pastoral scene, its aspect changed from county fair to gypsy rally. The people wore rags, but rags deliberately chosen for their gay cut or color. Despite the festive laughing, there was a tightness of purpose in people's talk and movements. A street theater was demonstrating to one crowd, by means of a long barnyard parable, that support for Gene McCarthy was just a way of perpetuating the System. This particular group of actors has a glow of celebrity about it, since the troupe is fresh from performances at The Oleo Strut, pacifist coffee house for GIs near Fort Hood, where, everyone is telling each other, some black soldiers have been put in the guard house because they would not board planes for riot service in Chicago.

Further into the Park, the bowling goes on—teams attack children, throw them, beat them in pantomime with clubs of air, kick, drag and carry them to imaginary paddy wagons. It is done with enthusiasm and good humor, by young people who were up all last night singing and chanting in the Park, newly won by them, and who now enjoy their quarters as a prize of battle—while they sharpen toward the next clash. Bystanders criticize each prisoner's conduct; debate the fine points; offer alternative views. All are agreed that the thing to do when grabbed is prepare for clubbing—fall into a fetal position, knees drawn up high to protect the stomach from kicks, arms up around the face. But should one put *hands* over the head, spreading a fan of fingers over the cranium like one of the old ridged-leather football helmets of twenty years ago (which, in fact, one young boy is wearing as he watches the drill)? This gives the face good protection, from one's forearms; but fingers make a brittle cage, easily broken themselves and not cushioning the pigstick's blow. Better perhaps (much sage nodding at this) to put forearms over the skull and squeeze one's elbows in over face and nose as far as possible (bystanders try it and blunder around in weird peek-a-boo poses).

Then there is the question of when to go limp—clearly when lifted and carried (otherwise, if there is any suspicion of rigidity meant as resistance, the beating is resumed); but what if one is dragged? Tight, fetal clump, or in a draggle of limp arms and legs? There are pros and cons, posed and contradicted, ending always with the one directive that takes precedence over other instructions at this open-air school—do it *your* way. It's your thing. A teen-age girl skips up, let-me-try, light and laughing as the mock pigs grab and twirl her like a top (she is from the kind of family that sends cops lumbering out to find her lost tops and toys, how quaint to be manhandled by them). No ghetto kid here, with hatred of pigs engrained all through a bitter childhood. When the police stopped seeming benevolent to her, they gave off a whiff of Keystone —as does this whole scene. All "street theater." She will still be half-surprised when her game becomes reality. But now she laughs, curls up, goes limp, tossed from one boy to another. It looks like a merry scene of play amid the haystacks, something left on the cutting floor after editing *Tom Jones*.

All very jolly. And yet serious. It is amazing that clubs could swing so much so hard in the days ahead, and yet no one be killed, or even seriously maimed. Part of the answer was being acted out here, on Tuesday afternoon, in the bright sun, on the too-real green grass, Kodak shots. These were kids who knew how to be beaten. And how to joke. All glue-and-paint sparkle in the sun, a vision of the Military paraded by, toy planes on his epaulettes, toy gold rockets criss-crossed on his MacArthur brim for its "scrambled eggs." He introduces himself as General Waste-More-Land, and inveighs in parody against traitors who would draft beer rather than boys.

One of the General's friends tells me how they came, in a caravan of Volkswagen buses and cars, from California. This friend, Morris Kight, is well over thirty; but he has a safety pass written all over him. The kids instinctively know he is one of them. Though he wears the inverted-V soft military hat of the Vets for Peace, he explains that he chose his present life of protest long

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before the Vietnam issue arose. "I was a hotel man and, if I do say so myself, a rather successful one—I owned seven hotels. But I dropped out ten years ago to stop the madness." What was the madness then? "Pollution of the air, the triumph of the machine; the cold war and the arming. We are in the midst of three major revolutions. First, the social one: we now realize that we cannot mistreat those of another color, or of another religion; cannot mistreat our behavioral minorities (like the youth). Second, the cybernation revolution, by which machines do mankind's work, making mankind obsolete. Third, the weapons revolution, which puts terrible new weapons in the hands of a small number of unqualified men." What does one do about the machines, destroy them? "No, make them work for man, not against him. Let them make it possible for man to return to the soil. Make them *clear* the air, rather than foul it." He speaks with an almost curtsying deference to his listener, a quiet curving rise and fall of fine diction, an unhurried ease. Dressed in old odds and ends, he is—by all the real marks—a gentleman adrift among the gypsies. I ask if he has done any writing. "No, I used to do a talk show on TV called 'This Enchanted Land.' That was years ago, before they became popular. But now I am so busy in the Movement that I haven't been able to do anything else except work at my two hobbies, animal care and gardening. "And learn to live on very little money. Since I gave up my business, I have lived on 10 per cent of my money, the other 90 I devote to the cause.

"I have a fifteen-room house in Los Angeles designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. It was run down and in a poor neighborhood, so I was able to buy it and restore it for a very small sum." Why was the price so low? "Well, it was designed for some very eccentric executives." (He says it with innocent micawber merriment—*imagine* it, *eccentric*.)

Soft and Shaggy

He describes the eccentric executives with a charitable nod, just as he does the unqualified men who control our vast weapons complex—confident without boasting, that he is in the center, a lone displaced soft voice of sanity in the whirled craziness of things.

Others among the "oldsters" were not as charming as Mr. Kight. The manager of the Communist *Daily World*, for instance, Frances Gabow, moved through the park inside a sullen clump of her coevals, bodyguards distrustful of the unideological young people everywhere (a distrust reciprocated—ideology is a bad word to these kids).

The keynote of the kids' clothing is softness. No edges. Even last year's military jackets have the padding torn out—droopy epaulettes, wilted fronts, frayed bottoms, every sag and hang saying "I ain't marchin' any more." All things tend to the shaggy—soft fringes of adolescent beard, girls' eyes in a shadowy thicket of mascara. The clothes are all of the muffling, involving sort—blankets, capes, serapes, shepherd's coats, hoods, woolly sweaters. Velvet, velour, fur—the favorite hats are Russian astrakhan, soft Indian bead-band, Arab turbans, Foreign Legion veils, swaths; colorful (prophetic) bandages. The shoes are moccasins, soft boots, sandals worn to a velvety pliancy—Paul Krassner takes the thing to its logical term, wearing shoes made of some carpet-stuff that looks like grass. But better even than moccasins are bare feet. The rags are not true cast-offs, though they look worn (mainly because they are slept in and never changed). Girls' bell-bottom pants, for instance, are almost mandatory—worn, preferably, with a light short-sleeve sweater; otherwise, jerseys or T-shirts. No brassières, of course. No edges.

The soft yielding quality extends to the hair, worn in two styles—first, the long divided wavering waterfall; second, the Elsa Lanchester (or electrocuted) style—fizzing out in all directions. Beards are as full as they can be grown—never trimmed. That is why the gentle, supple flow is prized when it comes out naturally. ("Like J. C." one boy nudged another as they saw a male madonna-face go by them under a helmet.) Hair is the sacrament of the real. Some girls affect unshaven armpits. They make a cult of candor, honesty, bluntness, sure that the reality of things is, underneath painted façades, rather dirty, grainy, grubby—the nitty-gritty. They are willing, their carefully chosen symbols say, to face this reality even in themselves; their own sordidness, seediness, their own—well, hair. The opposite of this is the System's higher Disneyland presided over, just up Michigan Avenue, by Hugh Hefner. (Jules Feiffer, who walked out of the National Book Awards program to protest against Humphrey's speech showed up, later that night, at a party thrown for Humphrey. In Chicago he keeps up his record by fighting the System in the name of a new party—and staying, all the while, in Hefner's celled pad.)

The students' "underground" newspapers, when they show nudes, always feature pubic hair. No *Playboy* here—the pink ice-cream scoops of flesh without hair (not only no pubic hair, no stubble under the arm; not even down on the forearm, not one stray wisp near all the innumerable nipples). In Miami,

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which is the airline stewardess capital of the world, the Republican candidates had Nixonaires, Reaganettes, and Rocky-a-Go-Go Girls by the hundreds —off-duty stewardesses with 45-minute makeup jobs. In Chicago, few girls, and those dumpy, wear candidate costumes. The political youth here is in the Park, wearing no man's colors.

Pot Yes, Sex No

Not all the kids wear Compulsory Soft, of course. But the style is set by those who do. They are at the center of things, fully conscious of what they are doing. The more I moved in the crowd the less it seemed like a county fair, or even a gypsy camp. It was more like a meeting of the Paris beggars in the old Laughton *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. There are poets everywhere—younger (but equally shaggy) Thomas Mitchells. Funky boys lift and throw furry girls like thistledown (fall *soft*, fetal; go limp, survive amoeboid), then carry the girls (soft roll of unbound young breasts under sweaters) to phantom paddy wagons. But with all the physical horseplay, there is no sexual electricity in the air, nothing coy, no crackle of flirtatiousness. Sex, unless taken for granted, is a "hangup," part of the commercialized System. An extraordinary number of cabdrivers I met in Chicago were perturbed by imaginary orgies taking place on the sacred public grounds of Chicago. What depressed me more were the jaded kids—even jaded virgins—who take sex for granted from the very first days when they are aware of it. Any gift-wrapping, mystery, or tease is the Hugh Hefner thing, not reality; not hair. What boasting there is among these kids is not about "conquests," but about one's "highs." Narcotics have the aura that sex had in the past. Mystery and gift-wrapping are allowed when there is question of a pleasure the System disapproves of.

The kids live easily, here in Grant Park, having gained it yesterday. They seem to need little food or sleep, each snatched in small amounts as occasion arises; no booze (though cigarettes, straight and loaded). They move around with packs strapped to them; soft ones, of course—things they can lean against, lie on, use for bedding.

The Park was gained only with difficulty. For almost a week kids had been expelled, in growing numbers, from Lincoln Park, three miles to the north. Things escalated Sunday night, the first time I joined the kids. After eleven, the time when the Park is officially closed, large crowds were settled here and there. Police cars and motorcycles moved slowly through them, unsettling them, getting them up, on their feet, on the move. The trunk cycles (with three wheels) moved by squadrons, taking over an area, then one by one peeling off, occupying new sites—the kids all the while being crowded to one corner of the park, then edged across the street, some blazing with anger, others just troubled, with frightened young faces (milk in a cup blown across)—but no one fighting. It is a slow, effective process. Soft war.

Lincoln Park was originally chosen by Abbie Hoffman's "Yippies" as a place for a Festival of Life. If the cops had let them have the area, Hoffman's group would probably have remained separate (as he clearly wanted them to) and irrelevant—as they were at the Pentagon March, where they tambourined an elaborate "exorcism." Other groups had, for the most part, made provision to stay in churches and gymnasiums, or doubled up in rooms and private homes. But as, every night, the Yippies get displaced and need shelter, two things happen, both caused by Mayor Daley's untenable first-line toughness. First, other kids, sensing this is the first battleground, flock north and swell the Yippie ranks toward nightfall. Second, the Yippies and their allies, driven out after eleven, start heading south toward the Loop, looking for lodging, and for trouble.

So, on Sunday night, one of the first groups to be edged over the street gathers numbers and courage at a gas station, then heads south with vague thoughts of the Amphitheatre in their heads but ready to settle for the Hilton. At first, standby prowl cars scatter the kids in the street, still moving slowly, the electronic come-and-go of their new-style sirens slowed from scream (mreem-mreem) to purr (meeyown-meeyawmp). Each car is swiveling, now its one malevolent blue eye, which seems to have a hypnotic effect on the kids. When they turn into a block and see that one blue eye at the other end, they swerve instantly and try a new route. The cops are like cowboys bending and turning a stampede, but with this important difference: they have no place to herd these cattle *toward*. Their orders are to disperse the crowd, and the framers of this edict seem to think that means dissolving the kids in thin air. Dispersing a crowd has, as its final objective, the scattering of people back to their homes. But these kids have no homes, at least not in Chicago; and they cannot be eternally "kept moving" as isolated bums are harried from park bench to bus station and back. One young couple drops by the way almost immediately. She is in her early teens, and totally with it, her Jackie-Coogan-as-the-Kid face half hidden under a floppy soft hat, her possessions belted into the blanket she wears. The boy with her, only slightly older, is just along for her company. He carries *his* luggage, meticulously pressed, on six coathangers held, with a hook of the wrist, over his shoulder. (Think of all the edges!) Driven out of the park, he wants to find her a place to sleep. She is embarrassed by this protection; she runs into a nearby apartment lobby to pout. "We just flew in from Cincinnati this afternoon," he tells me, with nervous glances toward the lobby. "She has friends at the Palmer House, but she wanted to stay in the Park." Ozzy and Harriet on the road—domestic crisis with no *domus*.

Keeping Up with It

The kids spill into Wells Street, the self-proclaimed "Village" of Chicago; boutiques tinkly with love beads, backyards turned into mewses with cutsie names. The "swinging" shopowners, one step behind the kids' fashions, have looked with some suspicion on the Yippies in Lincoln Park—and with good reason. Wells Street is commercializing yesterday's fads—psychedelic posters as big business; strobe lights, instead of candles, in the dining room. The prize exhibit in the Wax Museum is Hugh Hefner under glass—blobby on the floor before his typewriter, with a waxen bunny-Muse standing near to inspire his blobs of prose. (And which Hugh is the real Hugh?) The kids know the routine—bubbly matrons twisting and jerking and frugging, fresh from Arthur Murray, in expensive discoteques. It is hard for the kids to stay even one step ahead—which makes that one step all-important. Fall behind an inch, lose the argot, the nuance, blunder into yesterday's "in thing," and you are out of the action—the action being, at any moment, an enclosed totality, the right beat, beads, color, noise, words. Only someone who gives it his full time can keep current—and who gives full time to being kids except kids?

No wonder, then, the middle-aged

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mods, mini-skirted, frugging, fly-eyed, turned blank faces outward as the kids go by, faces stiff as the wooden shutters they would nail on their windows next day. For the kids broke windows as they went down Wells Street. For several nights, these would be the only windows they had broken. Better be in front of them than one step behind.

Hallowe'en—and After

On Monday, the gay soapy-scented windows, with fake paper tiffany lamps, were covered with the tell-tale modern sign of riot, protective plywood; and one shop hung out an angry sign: "Destroying property on Wells St. is a total cop-out which we equate to marching around your own room. What you apparently fail to realize is that the shopowners and the community share many of the same views about the way things are being run in this country. May we suggest that if you were to unite with the National Mobilization, Peace and Freedom Party and the Black Panthers your voice might be heard." The sheer ignorance of the sign shows that nothing increases the generation gap like attempts, on the part of adults, to join what they will insist on calling "the now generation."

It was a lark. The very young are soon in the lead, distancing all those near the fatal thirtieth year. Girls with white petal faces under limp Grampa McCoy hats, with flapping pants and wilted boots, the very picture of floating innocence, so many Giulietta Massinas scampering along in the street, turn those white petals up toward the street lamps and bay their brave new chant, "Cops eat shit." Dodging the blue police-car blink, splitting off and running together like crushed quicksilver, the kids thread their way back toward the lakefront and reunite on Michigan, coursing south. In the process, cars are stranded in the stream of runners. The kids demand, from drivers quickly rolling windows up, the V-for-Victory Peace Sign—given readily or grudgingly, by most; otherwise the kids bang hoods, hammer windows, kick the doors. Bearded kids with huge cameras hang on a careening car: the Movement records its own achievements with total immediacy. The big metal wicker-work-type trashcans of Chicago are rolled out onto the street, their contents scattered. The camera car makes the kids move cans back so it can get through; then they are rolled once more into the path of "straight" traffic. The thing had an atmosphere of Hallowe'en—until the widely-spaced front runners reached the Chicago River.

The Chicago police are justly proud of their communications system. On the second floor of the State Street Police Station, a vast room—all wires underneath, with neat little pick-up squares to get at the nervous system—has 24 big illuminated consoles, three to a zone, flashing the location of police vehicles, receiving all radio and phone calls from that zone. There are overflow, backup, and coordinating consoles; a whole room devoted to taping calls; an elaborate quick-check system of couriers and computers. Over each console, red and amber lights blink to summon higher officers or messengers. Orlando Wilson, the progressive police leader, cooperated with Motorola to pioneer a new kind of police readiness. And so, as the kids ran, radio reports informed men at the green consoles where they were. They had to be cut off before they reached the Hilton. The Sheraton Chicago could not be protected now; the best line of defense was the bridge over the Chicago River, which—if the worst comes—can be lifted. The dots begin to converge on the scene: police cars. Meanwhile, at a staging area, rented city buses are being filled with the powder-blue riot helmets.

As the first kids came in sight of the bridge, there, on the far side—consoled, blinked, computered into place—were Jimmy Riordan and his First District cops (they handled daily marches two summers ago, and have dealt with innumerable demonstrations in the Loop area). Battle-ready, right?

Wrong. These cops have known two things—"marches," arranged beforehand, tense with the possibility of trouble, but in a predictable way; or looters, a lone one or a few, sprung free in the Loop (run them down). But what did they see now? Some fat, winded photographers and reporters trying to keep up with idiotically grinning boys and girls at a dead run. At sight of the sullen car-blinks across the bridge, most of the kids slow down, look back for support, unwilling still to attack a police car, but with no more side streets they can duck down (the police have chosen well). The very front runners do not slow down, however—two teen-age girls unwinded after three miles; one, wearing buckskin, goes forward with the semihiant singultus of her anticipated political defloration. The nightsticks are raised; the girls are ready, they have been anticipating this (fall *limp*). But the cops merely turn them around and shove

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them back. They use their clubs only once—on a photographer who tries to get a picture of them manhandling the buckskin girl.

The police advance across the bridge, lower the gates that block traffic for the raising of the drawbridge, and slowly work the crowd back. Riordan is on the bullhorn, threatening to use tear gas if the crowd—perhaps two hundred kids—does not disperse. A Yippie shouts, "Great! I get a high on that stuff." Tear gas is still a joke. There is a certain amount of muttering, but no real resistance. Clumps of kids shout "We want *pig*meat." But the cops ignore them and huddle, out in the center of the street, confiding information to their walkie-talkies—a cluster of antennaed heads, the aerials sticking out at all angles, a quiet insect orgy. People fall back and mill beside Colonel McCormack's huge cathedral (in the window are straw hats with headbanks for all the candidates—including John Connally, Lester Maddox, and R. Sargent Shriver).

Then the big dots move on the consoles and five—count 'em, five—busloads roll, open, lazily disgorge their contents. This is Riordan's technique, always—flood the area, discourage the hotheads before anything happens, make the numbers prohibitive. The buses come from the city's transit company, whose black drivers are on strike. There are Gilbey's Vodka ads on the side, with cossack dancers. The sludgy flow of blue helmets out along each sidewalk splits the kids, edges them off, turns them around—peaceably, as in the Park. Round One to the police.

But a Pyrrhic victory. A half-hour later, I went back north toward the Park. There no signs of the kids. Where had they gone? Back at the consoles, the policemen must have been wondering the same thing. The cops had bumped the Yippies out of the Park, only to drive them into the Loop—and into the arms of the better-organized, more militant Mobilization. The kids see in the whole process a vivid symbol of the fact that the System has no place for them. And they are ready to turn this "defeat" to their advantage. The third of the daily bulletins put out by SDS exulted: "We are learning. We are learning how to move together. Learning the City . . . Pretty soon, brothers and sisters. We are learning targets, targets where the rich buy their things." Mayor Daley had given his police something to think about, at the consoles.

II. The Pros

The National Mobilization Committee Against the War in Vietnam is the group that, under David Dellinger, organized the 1967 March on the Pentagon. They had planned two major events for Chicago—on Tuesday, an Unbirthday Party for LBJ (meant to run in sinister counterpoint to the real birthday scheduled for Soldiers Field) and, on Wednesday, a protest march on the convention site (the Chicago Amphitheatre). Every morning Dellinger's group held a press conference, announcing many smaller activities. The Mobilization, known as Mob (pronounced Mobe), worked out of an office and a storefront in the Loop, coordinating activities of other groups, finding places for people to stay, recruiting and training marshals and medics for the Wednesday march, and maintaining the tragicomic personal bulletin boards of the Movement ("Your parents may have called you—check the board").

Chicago is the home of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), which takes a harder line than Mob (as in its veiled invitation to loot "targets where the rich buy their things"). The SDS meeting at Michigan State, earlier this summer, studied ways to use local or national issues on each campus in order to "politicalize" the nonpolitical student and "radicalize" the politically interested. Tom Hayden, a founding father of SDS, in a prescient article written for the underground New York *Rat*, looked ahead to Chicago as the kickoff of this fall campaign on all campuses. After describing the seminal role of events like the Pentagon March, he wrote: "Chicago promises to fill the same mood-creating function for the Movement at the beginning of the school year."

Hayden and Rennie Davis became local project directors for Mob—i.e., young field guerrillas of the Movement, out on the streets or in hiding, when they were not in jail. The first time I went to the Mob's office, a girl in charge pointed at two large young men, just leaving, who wore immaculate short-sleeved turtleneck sweaters; "Rennie's tail—they lost him, so they came up to ask where he is. Can you imagine?" How do you know they are policemen? "Tattoos! Can you *imagine?*" While Hayden and Davis handled the street leadership, Dellinger took over the task of voicing "responsible protest." Every morning at his ten o'clock press conference, he would make much of the fact that the Mayor had not only refused to issue a march permit; he refused even to see representatives of the demonstration. At first, no one in his office would see them. On Monday, after the kids' Sunday-night run to the bridge, Dellinger reported two main atrocities—the "brutalization of newsmen" (i.e., the photographer whose camera was smashed on the bridge), and the deception by which Dellinger was shunted off, Sunday afternoon, to meet the Deputy Mayor's deputy, rather than the Deputy Mayor himself. But *this* afternoon, he continued, he meant to get some action at City Hall. By the time Dellinger arrived for his afternoon meeting with David Stahl (the Deputy Mayor was available now), there was a new grievance—the arrest of Tom Hayden, on state and city charges, for letting air out of a police car's tires. Dellinger has brought along with him some other respectable figureheads—men like Dr. Sidney Peck, Associate Professor of Sociology at Case Western Reserve. They want Hayden's release, a march permit, and—what dooms this whole elaborate game of negotiation—"withdrawal of the troops." The Deputy Mayor temporizes with them for an hour and says nothing, so they emerge (at 4:30) angry and prepared to escalate. Professor Peck says he is interested in the situation as a sociologist, a student of collective behavior (tie, coat, objective manner, no Yippie here): "With a high degree of predictability, anger will build up and begin to vent itself. The repressive actions of the city are inciteful"—yes, he *is* a sociologist—"inciteful to violence."

Then it is Dellinger, middle-aged, high-voiced, mild in manner, quivering with indignation: "We charge Mayor Daley with dereliction of duty. He invited the Democratic Convention here, and then refused to see those who inevitably came along with it. He is available to the bosses in the back room, and to those carrying on the war in Vietnam, but not to the constituents in the street." Dellinger has, unconsciously, the gift of the extremist (deliberately cultivated by the Yippies) for self-caricature. But even more disturbing, he has a point: Daley did invite to his town a party, some of whose leading candidates have used the rallying of kids as a political instrument. In many ways, the Democratic Party *had* called the kids there. And now Daley pretends they do not exist; gives

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them no place to stay and demonstrate peacefully; chases them down toward trouble, exacerbates their edgy drive toward "confrontation"; and, to cap it all, refuses to discuss the crisis with any of the kids' representatives. Though Dellinger mimes a righteous anger, he is undoubtedly pleased as possible. This is just what the Mob wants—in fact, just what Tom Hayden predicted in his optimistic scenario for Chicago: the System will put itself on the weakest possible grounds, and excuse beforehand the scuffles that are bound to occur.

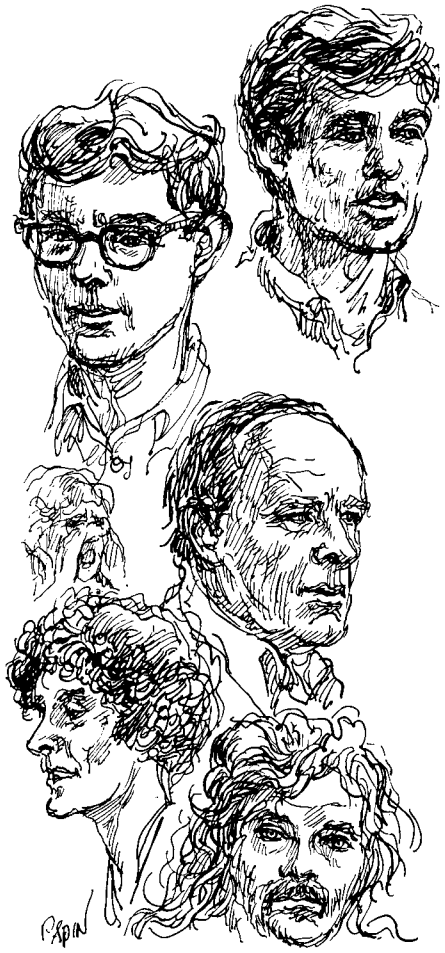
But enough of responsibility. Another participant in the City Hall press conference moves up to the microphone—Marilyn Katz, a tiny leader of the Marshals Squad, dressed in sneakers, sweatshirt, and slacks. "If there is trouble now, the City must be held responsible. They have given the jails and streets and skies to the military, and left no place to the kids, who have come to fight for freedom. The streets are theirs." How old are you, Miss Katz? "Twenty-three—seven years from the cut-off point."

Always the System

The press conference breaks up as news goes around that the kids are marching from Lincoln Park to the police station (*beyond* the Hilton, heading south), where Hayden is being held. I catch a ride with Miss Katz, who takes the parking ticket off her car and casually tears it up: "They're always pestering us." Marilyn feels hunted. "Doesn't that make you feel good?" she says with a wave at the police helicopter patrolling Michigan Avenue. Marilyn is rather plain and boyish, but with the fuzzy-eyed jerky charm of a Shirley MacLaine (who is hard at work on the floor of the *other* convention). Marilyn is even smaller, though—a mini-MacLaine. When she turns her eyes defiantly up toward the helicopter, they spread wide, after a lashy blink like some flower opening—not pretty, but with a moist unfocused look disarming as sudden beauty.

The System is everywhere, but it cannot fool her. "We even found the unmarked office of the CIA in the Federal Building, and one of our people put 'CIA sucks' on the door. The major TV networks were there to photograph the scene, but they weren't allowed to use it." What stopped them? The obscenity? Eyes wide at my innocence (who cares about *that*?)—"The CIA, of course. Or maybe the FBI." The System.

When we get to the station, the marchers have already gone by; from this vantage point, they turned back up toward the Hilton, which they finally



reach. Marilyn tries to go inside the station with me, but she has no police or press credentials. Just then a Corporation Counsel (i.e. assistant city attorney) comes out and, in a sudden rage (real or feigned, exaggerated either way), screams "Don't let that girl in. She has been arrested at least fifteen times." "You big liar," she shouts back, just as wild. Another Counsel, a smooth-voiced black man, comes out and is friendly: "How did your trial go?" Wry MacLaine grimace: "Probation and a fine. Big lecture on the sacredness of property." I asked her what she was arrested for. "And it was just once! I was helping organize welfare workers, and we did a sit-down protest in the welfare office. They got us for criminal trespass."

Marilyn, even more than formal leaders like Dellinger, is the new revolutionary, one who is engaged in a total running guerrilla warfare with the System. I would meet many of these guerrillas during the week, veterans of Columbia, of the Pentagon, of the Poor People's Campaign; even—some of the older ones—of the freedom rides and sit-ins. The kids had taken Grant Park, and, in the wake of the Hayden protest, refused to head north for a planned Hippie love-in at the North Beach. The park, so carefully guarded last night at the bridge, is seized now from the rear, with only minor battling—a boy pulled off the statue of General Logan as the crowd moved up Michigan from the station. As usual, the first-line intransigence of the cops became silly as, day after day, General Logan wore ragged kids and flags in all his metal apertures. The police had refused to give an inch, yet soon after gave a mile; they interdicted Lincoln Park, miles away from the delegates, and so found themselves having to surrender Grant Park, just across from the convention hotel-headquarters. So, that night, the chants went on till dawn; the Guard made its first appearance, to spell the totally mobilized cops. Mild-mannered General Dunne put a human barricade of brown before Grant Park, not to prevent kids, now, from entering, but to keep them from leaving the Park and crossing Michigan to the Hilton.

All the Way from France

On the street-corner across from Grant Park, I talked to a young couple who had come, by separate routes, from France. They knew two more of their countrymen, and had heard of others, who made the same trip, just for this occasion. As we talked, German students lifted signs across the street. The boy was twenty, the girl twenty-one, and both had been engaged in the battles of the Sorbonne. I asked the girl (whose English was far better than the boy's) why she came: "Oh, one goes wherever one can. I have been to marches in England and Spain." Where do you get the money? "We work. I was a waitress for two weeks in New York. He was selling *affiches* from the Sorbonne. Besides, the bus was only $35 round-trip from New York; and if you do not have the money they let you ride free. Once we got here, we volunteered for work on the medical teams, and they take care of all expenses." The "they" in question seem to have clothed her, too—in limp American Army khaki. "Oh, this! Yes, I was told it would be hot in Chicago, we could sleep on the beaches, so I brought

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no warm clothes. I have nothing under this coat and sweater." She buttoned shabby coat and sweater convincingly down to make her point. But where had she got the plane fare to New York? "My parents will pay the transportation to any foreign country, as part of my education."

Do they plan to stay in America for the convention? "Yes, we both have to be back in Paris for the school year—unless we end up in jail." Do you expect to do that? "No," she smiles. "I am a good tactician. I went everywhere during the Sorbonne strike, even where the press couldn't, and never got caught."

Middle-Class Rebels

How do you compare the mood of the students of the Sorbonne with that of the kids here? "The Americans are less disciplined. They run around and do not keep their lines. The French lock arms, and do not provoke the police at random, like the students here. And when they fight, they *fight*." Do you think this is effective, I ask, pointing across the street (the kids are now shouting "Fuck you, LBJ"): "Oh, yes. It is so exciting. History is being made, I want to return to America as soon as possible." Maybe we'll keep you here, in jail. "Oh no, I would just call the French *consulat*. They would get me out."

Lincoln Park has been lined, for nights, with cars from all over America. I watched the boys and girls, at nightfall, put their expensive Nikons, their hand-held bulky movie cameras, their tape recorders, inside and lock the doors (they had to scramble for them Sunday when the run began), then flop sandal-happily over to the Park. These are the middle-class rebels, despised by the proletariat (which is made up—poor Marx—of the crustiest defenders of the *status quo*). Cabdrivers and bartenders were the people you heard attacking the "hippies." In one bar I stopped at, late one night, the men scrubbing the floor—blacks included—cheered when TV showed kids beaten and thrown into vans.

Mayor Daley's apologists tried to separate the demonstrators in Chicago into "professional revolutionaries" and "duped idealists." His police still thought in those categories. At one point, while the Wednesday march was stalled and had flopped down on the lawn in one long sinuous line, thirty men, ranging from six-foot-one up towards the neighboring tree tops, came clumping over to the line, "plainclothes" stamped all over their open collars and suburban lounging sweaters. It gave the kids something to enjoy, as everyone spotted them, pointed, jeered, but made way for the relentless stalking advance. Why on earth be plainclothesmen, I wondered, and yet advertise one's presence? So I followed. They were "the red squad" out Commie-hunting. When they saw one, they would cluster round, peer at "the subject," dwarfed as a football in this huddle of linebackers, and say things like: "We thought we'd see you here. We're ready when the trouble starts. You'd better not let us find you in the vicinity." The act lent itself too readily to parody by bystanders. The jolly square giants even stopped to scowl and growl at Frances Gabow, irrelevantly islanded by her middle-aged escorts. Peter Pramm of SDS also got the huff-and-puff treatment. So did Chris Bernard, of the Radical Organizing Committee.

An exercise in anachronism. These are not the leaders. They are panting along behind the kids, trying to catch their coat tails, catch a ride. There were professed rebels out there—Tom Hayden and Rennie Davis, of course; but also Marilyn, and the French kids. Even the boy with his six angular coathangers was well on his way to being a pro. These kids are mobile; money is no problem for them; they know what they are in for. If anything, the organizers tend to scare off the innocents who do not realize what the game is all about. The Mob gave out arrest slips everywhere, to be filed for use by volunteer lawyers if the kids ended up in the pokey; they went through the Park with grease pencils, printing the legal-aid number on everybody's forearm.

The picture the Chicago police tried to project was of an "agent" taking his orders from Moscow, and manipulating the kids into town by the thousands. It is a much more satisfying conception than the reality. By police thinking, all one has to do is catch the agents, and the dupes will be disillusioned. But no one duped these kids here. The few people who had been to Cuba or who pal around with the Vietcong are not mesmeric enough to cause this kind of reaction. Whatever triggering mechanism launched the kids simultaneously from a hundred cities is one that no one controls in Moscow, or Havana, or Hanoi. Or even in America.

Indeed, the problem of the Movement (which is the reality behind and embracing all the various segments, variously named, of "the New Left") is that it is ridiculously anti-organizational. Not only is the System evil; all systems are. Only doing one's thing is safe. Logically, this leads to the exuberant irrelevance of the Yippies—or, rather, the Hippies. Even Yippism is an accommodation to the reality of politics. The trouble with doing one's thing is that it does not, in isolation, overthrow (or even affect) the System that stands in the way of one's-thingism. So, in some manner, one must organize even to overthrow Organization. One needs leaders to publish the tracts, rent the buses, collect the *money* to rent the buses, get the lawyers for those in jail, get the medics for those who are clubbed.

McCarthy, on the Right

So the Mob comes along, and SDS, and—out on the "right wing" of the anti-Establishment forces (so far to the right that most of those in Mob would call them "Establishment," the supreme insult)—Al Lowenstein's "Coalition," which was totally without effect in Chicago, and Marcus Raskin's "New Party," which promises to be equally ineffective. Lowenstein and Raskin (and, by extension, Gene McCarthy) fall between two stools—neither Establishment nor anti-Establishment.

But even the purists of anti-Establishmentarianism have to resort to dodges. How does one oppose the System with a simple lack of system? Rhetorically, of course, it is easy. One of the kids told me "The answer to the War is no war. The answer to the draft is no draft. The answer to the System is no system." What that means, in the myth of the New Left, is that one can be simply "issue-oriented." The very reality of things will throw up a spontaneous opposition, shaped only by the exigencies of the moment, not by leaders (not, at least, by any who are *necessary*), and not by party organizations ("structures," perhaps, but only those that are grown, not put together by planning). At the SDS meeting in Lansing, where the Columbia rebellion clearly set the pattern for all workships, Mark Rudd would have been a commanding presence if there had not been a deliberate effort, apparently supported by Rudd himself, to prevent this. The cult of personality is hated by the kids, not for old Marxist reasons (as a romantic distraction from historical Process), but because it lures one back into

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the System's game of candidates and parties, not "issues."

One must do some planning of course —flunky work, hire the buses. But one hopes that events will supersede any other more extensive plans. That is what Hayden hoped for in his prophetic article on Chicago: "There will be no way to mobilize action at the time without major initiative from below. . . . The growing consciousness of the Movement—its justified distrust of organized leaderships, its creation of 'revolutionary gangs' or 'affinity groups,' its experience with the police and the streets—is sure to be a controlling force of some kind over the loose official hierarchies."

And so it was. The planned events lost all their importance as improvised violence developed its own logic. For the Hippies, *the* event was to be the love-in at North Beach, intended as a "Free Huey Newton" bash; but the kids had gone south and gained Grant Park by that time; why retreat back north and lose ground? The Mob's two major efforts were to be the party for LBJ, which lost a good deal of its steam when the real birthday party evaporated (the President couldn't risk an appearance, so Mayor Daley forgot about Soldier Field); and, second, the March, which never took place at all. The police, luckily for the kids, gave "spontaneous opposition" its chance to prove itself. All the important activities were reactions to Daley's intransigence: by taking no strategic initiative of his own —by not trying to deal with the demonstrators, or define their actions with permits; by forswearing diplomacy and propaganda—Daley let his cops fend for themselves, trying to treat the kids as outlaws or nonbeings. And this, in turn, let the kids release all their grievances, act out the purely "anti-world" system of opposition to the System. The New Politics, anti-personal and anti-organizational, is unworkable in the long run; but Daley made it work, beautifully, in Chicago. Just as Hayden had hoped.

Up Against the Wall

They even hoped Humphrey would win. McCarthy's nomination would have been a disaster. So Hayden wrote: "when McCarthy began his campaign he hoped it would give young people a conventional and effective alternative to the politics of alienation. He obviously has attracted the support of a great many ambitious white middle class people who want to 'save the System.' And he has corrupted many young people into believing that by 1972 they can and should 'take over' the Democratic Party. . . . If radicals really believe that President McCarthy could not solve America's problems but only reveal the limits of liberalism, then McCarthy is even a better establishment figure to pressure and expose than Humphrey." If one is against the System, then trying to save it is the worst crime. The aim of the kids is, simply, to force the System "up against the wall."

The amazing—and terrifying—thing is the ease with which they did it. Their numbers were nowhere near what they had predicted. Their scheduled activities misfired. No major rioting developed (the kind that has led to deaths like those in Detroit—or to any deaths at all). Yet the kids commanded instant, almost total sympathy from the press and from many politicians. They made a major impact on the convention; on this year's politics; perhaps on the election itself. They drew the eyes of the world to them, and discredited their country in those eyes. We have all heard that universities are easy to disrupt. But the kids, in fairly small numbers and with primitive planning, disrupted a major city and a political convention; tied up eleven thousand police and the whole Illinois national guard; made any further threat from the ghetto almost unthinkable in its consequences. After this, any campus must seem a knockover. Hayden was right: Chicago sets the mood for the campus this fall—and for the election. The kids have obviously struck an Achilles heel of some sort in our society. We seem to have no defense against them. Certainly Daley had none. They have money, position, and sympathy the black rioters do not command. The campus problem may well overshadow for a while what is euphemistically called "the urban problem." And in what is taking shape as the greatest problem of all—the question whether this country will be governable during the next President's tenure—the kids might hold the crucial cards. If that turns out to be the case, then the convention in the streets may have been of more lasting importance than that held in the Amphitheatre. *(Up against the wall!)* □

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WHAT HAPPENED IN FRANCE

THE 'LAUGHABLE' REVOLUTION

GILBERT COMTE

Despite the contradictions involved, the smashing victory of the Gaullist candidates in the legislative elections of June 23 and June 30 was a logical conclusion to the enormous agitation that had wracked France in the preceding weeks. On the night of June 30, Interior Minister Raymond Marcellin described this victory as a "categorical rejection of subversion and disorder." His interpretation, while confirming the government's position, is nonetheless accurate. Still, it doesn't explain how a nation that had been unanimously opposed to the regime in late spring could turn out in massive numbers by early summer to rescue that same regime from disaster. This paradox is, however, at the heart of the French problem.

The triumph of the Gaullists in a number of working class neighborhoods held until that time by the enemies of the regime—the real and far-reaching impact of this metamorphosis—cannot be explained simply as a reaction against subversion and disorder. There was no trouble, for instance, in the famous "red belt" of Paris which has been controlled by the Communists for forty years. The Party, fearing that its pro-Chinese rivals might try to take over control through revolutionary agitation, made every effort to keep its militants in hand. While things were quiet in the red belt, cars were being burned every day for three weeks in the Latin Quarter without provoking the slightest reaction in favor of a government that no one dared to defend publicly.

It took General de Gaulle just four and a half minutes on the afternoon of May 31 to reverse this situation in a firm and angry speech into which he poured his not inconsiderable dramatic talents. Once again the presidential presence worked its magic. At one blow he shattered the tacit alliance between the nation as a whole and the agitators. A tremendous crowd—some of it drummed up by the government itself—poured out into the Champs Elysées in support of the chief of state. Although under police protection the crowd didn't make the mistake of crossing to the Left Bank which remained solidly in the hands of hirsute youths—a mixed bag of young ruffians and hoodlums, dedicated students, anarchists and Maoist agitators. The extreme Left continued to control the streets almost at will without provoking any resistance from the people who saw in the continuing strikes and agitation the weapon it needed to win reforms.

That the French people had all more or less played a part in the troubles was demonstrated in the unbelievable week of May 21 to May 28: when actors occupied the Opera House, workers invaded the Centre National du Patronat, doctors took over the headquarters of their professional association, and the Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Marty, announced that "God is for justice and he is not a conservative." Spokesmen for the union of policemen went so far as to say that they were entirely "in agreement with the feeling of rage which possesses all of France." But once satisfied that the government would act on their innumerable demands the citizens as a whole turned on the Left which they felt was making unreasonable demands now that the day had been carried. By exerting political pressure, successfully, the Left had intimidated the government of Georges Pompidou which until then had totally opposed increased wages and salaries. Everything worked out as if the nation had instinctively employed Machiavellian tactics to attain its domestic demands: acting in one way, voting in another; using first the strikes and then the issue of Gaullism, playing them off against each other until victory had been gained at relatively little cost. As always when material things are at stake, the operation was carried out to the utter confusion of the ideologues—and even, in this case, of the politicians.

The Slow Break

The misadventures of M. Edgar Pisani, former Minister of Agriculture in a Gaullist government, throws an interesting light on this aspect of the matter. After the closely contested elections of March 1967, M. Pisani, an ambitious, able and intelligent man, accused the government of manipulating the Constitution for its own benefit. M. Pisani was, however, too cautious to make a definite break with the Gaullists. He continued to sit among them in the National Assembly and was on the majority benches on May 23, when Georges Pompidou agreed to submit his government to a vote of censure. M. Pisani, sensing the mood of the country, announced—to the consternation of his former colleagues—that he would vote against them on the censure motion. To dramatize his gesture even further, he resigned his seat as soon as the result of the vote was announced so that he could present himself to the voters purged of the taint of Gaullism and ask them to put their seal on his divorce from the regime by re-electing him to parliament.

It was a dramatic situation: a carefully prepared theatrical coup into which could be read the forthcoming demise of the Fifth Republic: was the bell tolling for Gaullist France? To get back into the Assembly the astute M. Pisani immediately organized a party which he called, the Movement for Reform. Paris—*le Tout Paris*—was struck with admiration at the cunning with which M. Pisani appealed to a nation which seemed suddenly to have acquired a passion for things new and different. Because of his past career, M. Pisani knew that his brand of reform would not be confused with the anarchistic improvisations of the student power groups. But he also felt that he could win substantial support from those more moderate elements—numerically very large—favoring change.

Edgar Pisani did not survive the first balloting. A month to the day after he had broken with the government he was defeated: he didn't even rack up 10,000 votes in his own region of Maine-et-Loire, against an unknown Gaullist. On the same day the other eleven candidates who went into battle under the Reform banner also bit the dust. This story and its outcome serves to underline the extraordinary changes between May and June in France, between a France flirting with revolution and a France of conservative instincts.

This disjunction between words and actions was at the heart of the crisis as it unrolled. It helps explain the disparity between the numerous and extravagant demands that were made and the conformism of the electorate. If

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the country had wanted the many radical changes which it seemed to be asking for, it could have voted for the parties of the Center, or for M. Pisani. In voting for the vague social reforms offered by General de Gaulle, his fellow countrymen agreed to move ahead more slowly.

Like some of those celebrated "days" in the nineteenth century so well described by Tocqueville, Flaubert and Victor Hugo, the May crisis burst upon a nation that had even begun by degrees to repair the damages caused by the Gaullist setback in the elections of March 1967. Events such as the international monetary crisis, America's increasing involvement in the Vietnam war all seemed to show the strength of the Fifth Republic and seemed to benefit de Gaulle. In the universities, pro-Chinese and pro-Castro agitation had been developing in a climate of disaffection for some years. The Communist call to strike would not have been answered so enthusiastically by so many millions of workers had there not been a constant lowering of the standard of living and of the purchasing power for the last eighteen months.

Insurrection Fever

In such a dangerous situation, the revolutionary student movement found it extraordinarily easy to organize on the outskirts of Paris itself. Between November and March, the fever of insurrection mounted steadily in Nanterre, without provoking any serious response from the authorities. After the major riots of May 24, Georges Pompidou tried to place the blame on "those people, who from the evidence, are here to organize general disorder systematically in France, and who are surely assisted from abroad. We have the proof of this." Simultaneously, Interior Minister Christian Fouchet was attributing the disorders to "anarchists who are certainly very well trained for street fighting and in guerrilla tactics."

During the first days, one had only to watch the demonstrators in action to see that the commandos were under rigid discipline. And paramilitary bands of this size do not spring into being without planning. Those responsible for public safety and order never explained why it was that their services had allowed these revolutionary shock troops to be recruited and trained unhampered when any minor newspaperman who criticized the government had his telephone tapped at all times. In November, M. Christian Fouchet personally put 150,000 men on the tracks of a French Algerian prisoner who had escaped from the penitentiary at Saint-Marin de Ré. The regime had the means to break up these revolutionary groups at the start—if it had wanted to.

Whatever the motivating factor, the rebellion in the universities gave a formidable push to other discontents in the country. Very early the real or suspected leaders of the student rioters lost control, and their revolt turned into a social hurricane. Even today it is difficult to judge what part each element played in the conflagration which brought to the surface at the same time and often at the same place rebellious idealists, cynical agitators and the shrill leaders of a frustrated petit bourgeoisie. From former Premier Pierre Mèndes-France down through the endless variations of Trotskyites and Maoists, everyone tried to capture the movement and turn it to his own profit. There were even conservatives opportunistic enough to lend transient support to the movement. During this period black flags and red banners floated above the doors of the universities, and wildmen called for the overthrow of society.

The anarchy in the Latin Quarter could not be controlled or taken over. By its very nature it opposed all control. It was the expression of a discontent so far removed from politics that it could not respond to the rules of politics. No one can accurately measure the reserve of impatience that can accumulate in the breast of the ordinary Parisian at the hours of waiting, annually, in the metro, at the delays in daily traffic snarls, at the hours spent standing in line to transact business in the overly bureaucratized French system. Just as the Middle Ages knew its periods of madness, its festivals of fools, its flagellants in the somber hours of the fourteenth century, so perhaps does the technological society of today generate its own aberrant saturnalias.

The setback of M. Pisani is relatively easy to explain in conventional political terms. But the carryings-on in the Latin Quarter go far deeper. And yet if the government learned anything from the May-June crisis it should be that citizens today must be provided with less dangerous ways of letting off steam.

France had stagnated in an ideological vacuum for ten years. When the top blew, the Marxists tried to make sense out of the situation. But they also were dealing in the past. Young men brought out the panoplies of 1848 and 1917 and went to battle against the consumer society under banners that had been raised in the first days of the industrial age. Can you imagine Karl Marx trying to combat the industrial revolution with the pastorals of Jean-Jacques Rousseau?

This was why General de Gaulle could allow himself the luxury of discussing anxieties and discontents on a high plane, instead of addressing himself to the student grievances in his television speech of June 8.

There was something fundamentally ridiculous from start to finish in this revolt against the consumer society which was carried on in conventional, even obsolete, terms by young people who themselves were dressed in the costumes—the miniskirts and leather jackets—of the consumer society.

Communists Pulled Clear

How will this great disturbance go down in French history? If a "revolution" is measured by the changes it brings about, the Paris revolution was not very important. But the fanaticism of the French intellectual Left has prevented it from perceiving this truth. As late as June 17, a hundred leading writers and movie figures signed a statement which said: "The student uprising has struck a decisive blow at the system of exploitation and oppression that prevails in the country." The balloting of June 30 showed how off base was this analysis.

If anything, what the crisis of May 30 did above all was to inflict a telling blow on these talkative ideologues. In all this time, no leader of the political or intellectual Left dared denounce the student collusion with criminal elements. Only the Communists knew enough to pull clear at the opportune moment. Thousands of Frenchmen who visited the Latin Quarter out of curiosity, or from sympathy with the students, went home heartsick, enlightened as nothing else could have enlightened them, by the sight of their "liberators."

Once again, General de Gaulle proved he could manipulate to his own advantage the psychology of the moment. "France does not want revolution. The hour is past," he told André Malraux in 1945. As he demonstrated again on July 10 by his high-handed dismissal of Georges Pompidou, the "laughable" revolution of the month of May neither changed his feelings nor his Shakespearean conception of what constitutes monarchical power. □

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AFRICAN AFFAIRS

SACRED COW

ELSPETH HUXLEY

UNFORTUNATE Biafrans: even their death-rattle has been drowned by the rumble of the tanks in Prague. Suddenly, the scene shifted from West Africa to central Europe, but it is the same drama: the crushing of a small nation struggling for freedom by a large one as determined as ever were the Nazis to apply a final solution. The battlefield, in both cases, has been sprayed by the spectators with dense clouds of fine and ringing words of condemnation, considerably less effective than a whiff of napalm. So hopes of freedom for the East and Central European peoples, and hopes of survival for the Ibo nation, seem to have been snuffed out in a single week.

There are, of course, differences. The Western powers have not openly and actively assisted the Russians to crush the Czechs, whereas one of them, namely Britain, did provide this useful aid in crushing the Biafrans by means of a supply of arms to General Gowon's federal government. More, Mr. Wilson's men chose the very week when General Gowon launched an all-out attack on the Biafran heartland to announce an interest-free loan of £10 million to the federal Nigerian government in Lagos.

The number of British citizens nauseated by this action of their rulers is small, because very few citizens care tuppence about what happens in Africa: even fewer than those who mind about the Czechs. There has been too much going on at home, what with pay-claims, strikes, the soaring of stock market prices through the "500 barrier" and the fifth test match against Australia. But the nausea of the few goes deep. It is worth asking why: why the policy of Her Majesty's Government has been, and is, to help General Gowon's mixed bag of Northern and Western Nigerians crush the Eastern Nigerians and, or so it is alleged, commit genocide upon some eight million Ibos: on the face of it, not an aim to command the active support of a supposedly humane, civilized and liberal-minded nation. After all, at the time of the gas chambers Britain did not supply the Nazis with gas, or with interest-free loans to buy more gas elsewhere.

Ostensibly, the reason is that the Biafrans are rebels and rebels must be crushed, as we have been so often reminded in the case of Rhodesia. Memories being short, few pause to enquire who it is the Biafrans are rebelling against. The legal government of the federation of Nigeria, we assume. But Nigeria's present rulers are about as legal as Bonnie and Clyde. General Gowon seized power by a military coup from his predecessor, another general who in turn seized power by assassinating the former Prime Minister who *was* legal, so you have to go back two stages to reach legality, that sacred cow. The rebel Biafrans rebelled against a government of rebels who had taken over from previous rebels—the house that Jack built, or in this case pulled down. The only difference is that one lot of rebels succeeded, the Biafrans have not. "Treason doth never prosper: what the reason? And it do prosper, none dares call it treason."

Heads in the Sand

Everything goes back to the reality that Nigeria is not a nation, never has been a nation and lacks even the makings of one. A country so deeply divided as Nigeria by race, religion and history can be united by one means only, namely conquest. No one realizes this more clearly than General Gowon and his supporters, who are proceeding to conquer it, while Britain, together with the U. S. and most other nations, burrow deeper in the sand and continue to suppose that sweet reason and brotherly love will descend upon the battlefield like the Holy Spirit and drive the dogs of racialism from the scene.

The boundaries of Nigeria, as of most African countries, were lines drawn upon incomplete maps about eighty years ago by gentlemen in the foreign offices of London, Paris and Berlin. They bore absolutely no relation to the homelands of races, the migrations of tribes, the lie of the land or the events of history. In Nigeria's case, they defined the spheres of influence between France and Britain and enclosed within an enormous area such mutually hostile groups as the Hausa emirates bordering the Sahara, whose Berber-like potentates had been for many centuries accustomed to carry off a regular supply of forest-dwelling southerners, such as the Ibos and Ibibios, into slavery. It would be impossible to overestimate the contempt in which these sturdy, industrious, semi-naked, pagan bush-dwellers were held by the proud, turbaned, city-dwelling or nomadic Moslem northerners, or the hatred with which those feelings were reciprocated. One of the emirs of ancient lineage remarked with a smile to a British guest, Dame Margery Perham, that he would die with a slave in his mouth.

Those southerners who settled in the northern emirates, and by reason of their superior education and thrustfulness took over most of the skilled and white-collar jobs, were not allowed to live within the Hausa walled cities but confined to ghettos outside. Nigeria was not even nominally united, with a single legislature, until 1914; its very name was invented by Lady Lugard, wife of the first Governor-General. So, when independence came, Nigeria was an unfused assortment of tribes and peoples speaking forty or fifty different languages, worshiping dozens of different gods, living in totally unrelated societies, and with a tradition of unrelenting hostility flaring up at intervals into open warfare.

Why anyone should have expected the end of colonialism to bring about a miracle is a mystery. What took place was not a miracle but the domination of the federation by the Northerners, who outnumbered the rest. It soon became clear that this domination would be permanent, so long as the one-man one-vote legacy of British rule survived. This made it equally obvious that one-man one-vote would not survive, and that the end of colonialism would spell the resumption of the ancient tussle for power between tribes and peoples that had been suspended by colonial conquest for little more than half a century —a mere flicker of history's eyelid in this

(Continues on p. 975)

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Richest Currency in the Cemetery

Death of the Dollar
By William F. Rickenbacker
Arlington House, $4.95

KENNETH O. MILLER

William Rickenbacker is obviously a man who cannot resist a challenge. Two years ago he entered the great silver debate with the publication of *Wooden Nickels*, which proved to be the most lucid, timely, and prophetic work on the subject. Having successfully disposed of the silver question, Rickenbacker has now chosen to tackle the more complex and far-reaching subjects of gold and the dollar.

The message of *Death of the Dollar* is an alarming one: the economy of the United States is on the verge of collapse. The current crisis is the result of basic weaknesses in our international and domestic monetary and banking systems, compounded by the shortsighted, inflationary policies of politically motivated money managers. As inflation takes its toll and the gold outflow accelerates, our leaders will resort to increasingly desperate measures to control the economy and "save the dollar." Their efforts will fail, the dollar and other currencies will be devalued in terms of gold, and the United States, along with its principal trading partners, will suffer a serious deflation, perhaps even depression.

THE BACKGROUND material for this gloomy forecast is marshalled with great care and occupies about two-thirds of the book. The numerous—26 in all—steps taken by the various Administrations since 1959 to stem the gold outflow are presented in chronological order, punctuated by succinct comments on their effectiveness in 1) achieving their objectives (pitifully low) and 2) curtailing the economic freedom of the American people (uncomfortably high). The workings of the gold exchange standard and the nation's banking system are first explained, then subjected to some well-aimed criticism.

The Federal Reserve System gets a particularly rough going-over. The Fed has long neglected its primary function of maintaining a stable currency, in favor of promoting "economic growth" (i.e., financing the deficits of profligate Administrations). Too, the dollar's custodians are not above resorting to what Rickenbacker aptly calls "ideological censorship" when they feel it necessary to support the intellectual status quo. Thus a 1951 pamphlet of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was altered in later editions to minimize the evidence linking money supply with price level, and a 1966 publication by the Board of Governors, entitled *The Process of Inflation: A Review of the Literature and Some Comparisons of Cyclical Performance, 1953-1965*, makes no mention of Milton Friedman's monumental *A Monetary History of the United States* (published in 1963) and devotes only one line to the Quantity Theory of money, which Friedman's book (and some more recent data presented in *Death of the Dollar*) tends to support. Mr. Rickenbacker's exposés ought to produce some red faces in official circles.

The indictment continues. Two decades of creating new money against government securities (called "monetizing the debt") have given us an unstable banking system (witness the 1966 credit squeeze) and a mountain of private debt. Nor is it very comforting to point to the considerable amount of savings accumulated by the American public. Those families heavily in debt are not the ones with the large savings accounts. "Fully one-half of the country's families have less than $1,000 in savings. . . ." In 1968, the danger is not in a thinly margined stock market but in an overinflated credit structure. Lest anyone think that a serious deflation can be automatically reversed by massive federal deficits, the author reminds us that such deficits are inflationary only if they are monetized by the Federal Reserve, thereby providing the basis for a sequence of new loans and deposits. If business confidence is lacking, corporations will be likely to curtail their capital expansion plans and use their cash flow to purchase government bonds instead. They would therefore have no need to tap the banking system for new loans. This is what prolonged the depression of the 1930s. Under another such interventionist Administration, which Mr. Rickenbacker foresees, history would repeat itself.

THREE CHAPTERS are devoted to gold, describing its dual role as an industrial and a monetary metal. Although a gold enthusiast myself, I do not share Mr. Rickenbacker's expectation that the yellow metal would maintain its price if it were suddenly demonetized by the world's governments. Granted, United States gold consumption is now four times domestic production, but on a worldwide basis production still outweighs consumption by about two to one. The author gives only the domestic figures. In June and July the price of gold showed pronounced weakness on rumors of impending free-market sales by South Africa. Then, when South Africa revealed that it had secretly made sales both on the free market and to central banks (which the United States Treasury Department had hoped would refuse to buy newly mined gold), the price shot up. Should central banks decide to *sell* their gold on the world markets—a highly unlikely prospect—the bottom would fall out.

Consequently I feel it is a bit too risky for Mr. Rickenbacker to advocate a system of monetary reform that re-

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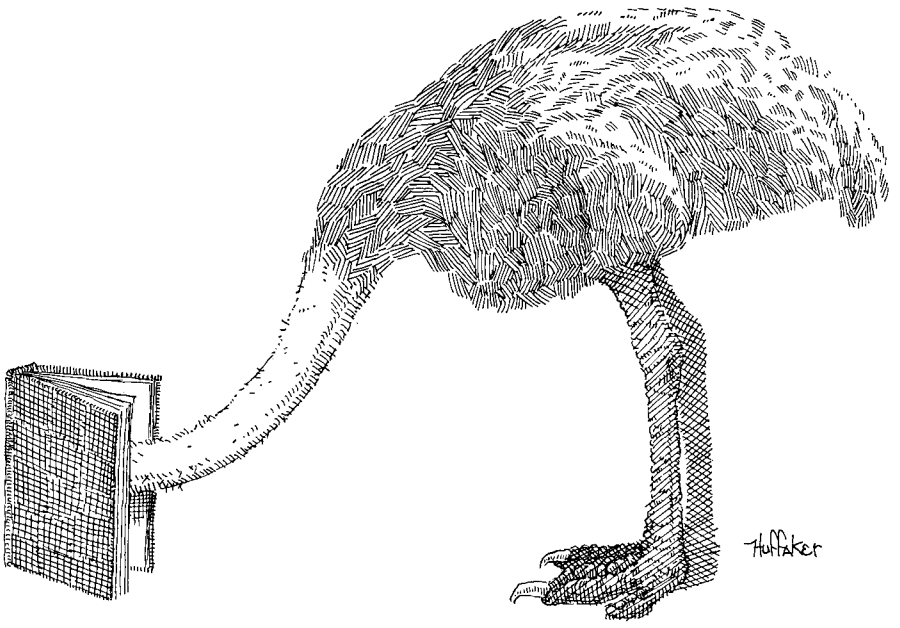

quires the severance of official ties between currencies and gold, while recommending the purchase of gold mining shares. Presumably the reform would be instituted well after the official price of gold had been raised, giving astute investors time to unload their gold shares at a profit. Otherwise such reform would deal today's "gold bugs" a lethal dose of DDT.

Apart from the problem of demonetization, gold can today be considered a hedge against both inflation and deflation, as the author points out. To translate this fact into a successful investment strategy, however, is no simple task. A mild inflation, such as we have had up to now, followed by only a shallow recession, would tend to produce no substantial net change in the price of gold. The recent strength in the bond markets may indicate that we shall not, after all, get the runaway inflation and soaring interest rates that Mr. Rickenbacker predicts. If we do slide into a worldwide recession, a prompt activation of the new Special Drawing Rights in sufficient quantity by the International Monetary Fund might further postpone the golden day of reckoning.

Meanwhile it must be admitted that the United States continues to exercise considerable muscle in persuading other countries to lay off its remaining gold hoard. In the second quarter alone, the Canadian government purchased $500 million in special, non-marketable United States Treasury bonds (instead of gold) with its excess dollars. Finally, there is the matter of luck. Who would have thought that the franc, considered Europe's strongest currency only six months ago, would soon be pushed to the brink of devaluation? The French upheaval has so far brought back over $200 million in gold to the United States stockpile. These may turn out to be nonrecurring factors, only temporary road blocks along the way to dollar devaluation. I am inclined to think that they are. But it is events like these that make holding gold shares such an agonizing experience.

Taking less than 200 pages, *Death of the Dollar* is as concise, well-documented, readable, and provocative as *Wooden Nickels*. Only time will tell whether it is as prophetic. □

H. L. Mencken's Smart Set Criticism
Edited by William H. Nolte
Cornell University Press, $10.00
The Constant Circle: H. L. Mencken and His Friends
By Sara Mayfield
Delacorte, $6.50

MENCKEN—IMMORTAL MISANTHROPE

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Mencken, Miss Mayfield assures us on page 213 of her kind exercise in loyal recollection, "was as faithful, devoted, and incomparable a husband as he was a son, a brother, and a friend." I know nothing to the contrary, but I find myself greatly disappointed by Miss Mayfield's assurance of H. L. Mencken's ordinariness. Any dumb cluck can be a faithful, devoted, and incomparable husband, son, brother and friend. But only H. L. Mencken wrote as H. L. Mencken did. And there surely is no drop of devotion, faith, and sweet humanity in his writings. What there is, uniquely and immortally, is the annihilating *vis comica* of a unique and immortal misanthrope. And no matter how friendly the motives of Miss Mayfield's opus, she has done him and his memory no service. For Mencken is not what he was. Mencken is what he wrote.

What he wrote remains incomparably the best *Humana Comoedia* written in America in this century. In Mr. Nolte's superbly edited collection of Mencken's *Smart Set* criticism, there is not a single page that left me without the sensation of sinful delight, the kind of laughter that comes from the darkest corner of the soul—where man, in spite of his obligations to brotherhood and kindness and charity, succumbs to his inborn malevolence. And the appalling thing is, he succumbs with a feeling of grateful relief whenever he is addressed by an unadulterated *vis comica*.

THAT POWER was Mencken's. The complex process of Mencken's action and his reader's reaction can best be studied in a more or less randomly selected paragraph of his prose—for instance, this typical statement (from a *Smart Set* essay published in May, 1911):

> Vaudeville, to a man who is both intelligent and sober, is anguish unspeakable. But vaudeville to a man who lacks either intelligence or sobriety, permanently or for the moment, is often extremely agreeable. And the same rule covers fiction as well, not to mention the prattle of children, parlor melodrama, politics, homiletics and the (normally) depressing business of making love to a woman.

At the end of this paragraph, I could not continue reading for minutes, because I was shaken by laughter. And yet, it is obviously a statement that runs smack counter to all my instincts, beliefs and prejudices. I love vaudeville, though I am always intelligent and always sober. Because of my intelligence and my sobriety, I love fiction, the prattle of children, (not so much parlor melodrama), politics, homiletics and what Mencken so tactlessly calls "the

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(normally) depressing business of making love to a woman." Why is it, then, that Mencken has delighted me?

Because, it seems to me, he is doing on paper what W. C. Fields does on the screen: he pricks the balloon of my pomposity with a palpably evil pin—and out of it gushes my laughter. I shall never forget the moment when W. C. Fields said: "No man who hates babies and dogs can be all bad." Now has there ever been a meaner and more horrifying sentence—or a more comical one? To hate babies and dogs is, as we all know, the very nadir of depravity. And yet, an even greater depravity (as we all sense at one or another time of our life) is the pomposity with which we profess to love babies and dogs. Comes that mean sourpuss of a con man, comes W. C. Fields, and pricks the balloon with one mean and evil sentence. It is a truly liberating act, and H. L. Mencken performs it on every page of his voluminous writing.

In addition, of course, Mencken was an extraordinarily well-read man. But his intellectual equipment, great though it was, never matched his *vis comica*. Two-thirds of his philosophical, theological, or political judgments are superficial, if not phony. The vaudeville of life did not agree with him, whenever he looked at it with the sobriety of his (limited) philosophical comprehension. Whenever he tried to be intelligent, and nothing else, he made an ass of himself —*vide* his absolutely puerile findings about God, faith and history. Of truth and beauty he knew little. But whenever he wrote of man, he knew all there is to know, and a bit more. He knew all of man's greed, his stupidity, his megalomania, his bad taste and, above all, his thirst.

He wrote of himself: "My business, considering the state of the society in which I find myself, has been principally to clear the ground of mouldering rubbish, to chase away old ghosts, to help set the artist free." He did his business well, but of course it will have to be done all over again in every generation. For the old ghosts cannot be really chased away—they can only, for a short moment, be scared away by a horselaugh. Mencken, throughout a long lifetime, convinced nobody, but made everybody laugh. In the beyond (in which, naturally, he did not believe) he must, I am certain, have great fun in the company of W. C. Fields. □

Republican Papers
Edited by Rep. Melvin Laird
Praeger, $7.95

SAFE, SOUND BUT WHERE'S THE PUNCH?

NEAL B. FREEMAN

One acquires a vague feeling of conspiracy—call it attention to detail—about *Republican Papers*, the volume put together by Congressman Melvin Laird and published by Praeger. By the immutable laws of publishing, most of which were written by the printing unions, this collection of essays must have been written and trimmed to size in late 1967. Even with that lead time, however, it manages to anticipate in some detail the platform that passed without a whisper in Miami and the issues now under development by the Nixon-Agnew campaign team.

Granted the book throws no fire bombs. It is safe and sound, with a few exceptions to be noted presently. Granted also we have arrived in an era of Problem Solving, when all public questions must be buttered with melioristic goo. Even so, Rep. Laird (tough, shrewd Mel Laird, as Bob Novak likes to call him) has done a remarkable job of limning the arguments for this Presidential year, while avoiding any situations which eight months of publishing gestation could have compromised. In the latter category I think particularly of Vietnam and what, for lack of a code word, I'll call George Wallace. Laird swivel-hips the first by narrowing his focus to domestic problems only, promising a subsequent volume on international affairs. He simply ignores the Wallace problem, which for Richard Nixon is roughly this: do you zero in on a defense of traditional middle-class values, or do you try to paste together that existential coalition of malcontents? Tough, shrewd Mel Laird opens doors to both corridors.

The basic weakness of the book *qua* book is its structure. Each chapter has two sections, the first analyzing the problem, the second outlining an approach to solution. In most cases, the analysis is handled by an academic expert, the recommendations by a Republican congressman. When the congressmen take up where the academics leave off, they don't get very far. But this, of course, says more about the academics, most of whom are first-rate, than the congressmen, some of whom are refreshingly literate.

Among the academics, the most instructive essays, for me at least, were those by Purdue's Don Paarlberg on agriculture, Michigan's Paul McCracken on economic policy and Harvard's Gottfried Haberler on monetary reform. I am still wary of the negative income tax, but Milton Friedman's brief brings, as ever, a sense of discovery. The real gem in this collection, however, is contributed by a gentleman I have not previously encountered, G. Robert Blakey of Notre Dame Law School. Professor Blakey is a liberal, a Democrat and an alumnus of RFK's Justice Department, all of which is cheerfully admitted by Rep. Laird, and he can dispense a prodigious amount of information on the crime problem at a digestible pace, as his essay clearly demonstrates. These two facts—that he is a liberal and that he can write—make Blakey's conclusions all the more telling. Sample: "But as the Court has moved on and on to more and more attenuated questions of 'fairness,' the single-minded pursuit by some jurists of individual rights defined by eighteenth-century ideology, but applied to a twentieth-century society, is threatening to alter the nature of the criminal trial from a test of the defendant's innocence or guilt to an inquiry into the propriety of the policeman's conduct."

The other guest star, Pat Moynihan, is disappointing, perhaps because we have come to expect so much from him. His piece is well-written and contentious, but he doesn't splash the ice water in your face. He writes again of "Where Liberals Went Wrong," a song that was written for one great evening in the theater of politics. It begins to cloy.

Among the congressmen, Rep. Thomas Curtis has a fine piece on job training, with some cogent commentary on automation and employment along the way. He makes a strong case for his Human Investment Act which puts job training in the hands of the private sector and entices it to perform with a 10 per cent tax credit against training expenses. Curtis has found the key to all job training programs, public and private: both the trainer and the

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Random Notes

■ Books: Eight staff members of the *Columbia Spectator* are collaborating on *Up Against the Wall*, about the recent unpleasantness (Atheneum, October). . . . One pleasant consequence (at last) of John Kenneth Galbraith's stint as Ambassador to India: A great big colorful book, *Indian Painting*, by His Excellency with Mohinder Singh Randhawa (Houghton, October, $35). . . . G. Legman's *Rationale of the Dirty Joke* is just that—a thin skein of psychologizing strings together an *omnium gatherum* of two thousand, whee!, DJs (Grove, $15).

From the *New Yorker*: St. Clair McKelway's *The Big Little Man from Brooklyn*, about a champion gate-crasher and four other deceivers (Houghton, $5.95); John Brooks' *Business Adventures: Tales from the Annals of Business and Finance*, about the rise of Xerox, the fall of the Edsel, the '62 slump, etc. (Weybright & Talley, January). . . . Sick! *The Transplant*, by Margaret Jones, concerns an artist's head grafted onto a sexual athlete's body (Stein & Day, October, $5.95). . . . Broadway Beware: Conor Cruise O'Brien has gone and written a play, *Murderous Angels*, about Dag Hammarskjold killing Lumumba and getting killed himself and all that (Little, October, $5.75); ditto James Baldwin, whose *The Amen Corner* is about the proprietress of a storefront church (Dial, October, $5.95).

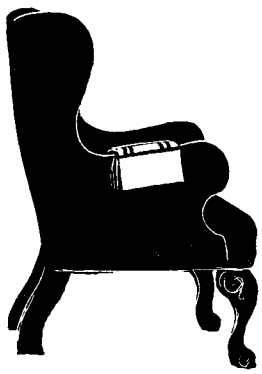
■ For Nostalgophiles: *The Generous Years*, Chet Huntley's memories of boyhood on a Montana ranch (Random House, $4.95). . . . *Tune In Tomorrow, Or, How I Found the Right to Happiness with Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, and Other Sudsy Radio Serials*, by Mary Jane Higby, who used to star in them (Cowles, October, $5.95). . . . *Scratch Ankle, U.S.A.*, origins of 1,600 town names compiled by Myron J. Quimby (Barnes, October, $7.50). . . . Norman Zierold's recreation of the 1909 Ocey Snead case, *Three Sisters in Black* (Little, $5.95).

Passport to Utopia: Great Panaceas in American History, edited by Arthur and Lila Weinberg and covering everything from Oneida Community to companionate marriage and the Townsend Plan (Quadrangle, September, $7.95). . . . *Currier & Ives Chronicles of America*, 220 of the Prints carefully reproduced (Hammond, $14.95). . . . A complete reprint of *The 1897 Sears, Roebuck Catalogue*, with introduction by S. J. Perelman (Chelsea House, $14.95).

■ Movies Ahead: Jules Dassin's Harlem-set remake of *The Informer*, mentioned here, will be called *Uptight;* the hero/villain sells out to the honkies. . . . Czech extras play German and American soldiers in United Artists' *The Bridge at Remagen*, just finished and starring Edward G. Marshall, George Segal, Ben Gazzara and (as a Nazi officer) Robert Vaughn. . . . Jack Lemmon's Jalem Productions bought screen rights to Hal Dresner's *The Man Who Wrote Dirty Books*, in which a Bircher-type thinks he recognizes his daughter in a smut-boiler. . . . *The Yellow Submarine*, full-length cartoon about The Beatles *v.* The Blue Meanies and other uglies, opens at Radio City Music Hall, Christmastime. Only chance so far to see *Magical Mystery Tour* in U.S. has been benefit for far-left Liberation News Service.

trainee must know that the skill being developed will be in demand, that the process leads to a specific job. Simple but elusive. Another good piece is offered by Congressman James Battin, who follows Professor Colin Campbell in a discussion of the Social Security program. Battin hopes that the GOP will maintain the principle of benefits "payable as a matter of right," rather than by reference to "social adequacy" (which seems to be this year's camouflage for the means test) and opposes the drift to general-revenue financing of the system. He acknowledges that the road is uphill.

Less persuasive to my mind are the essays on poverty and civil rights. The former is the work of two ex-urban congressmen, Goodell of upstate New York and Quie of Minnesota. There is something alarmingly bloodless about a program that begins: "Developing a comprehensive program to alleviate and eliminate poverty is no simple matter. Vast amounts of data must be studied and collated." Well, to hell with it. Their first proposal, honest, is to set up a new Council to make studies and write reports. Once they get on with it, however, their proposals are Cor-



nuellian and good. The civil rights issue is covered by two Midwestern congressmen, the venerable William McCulloch and Clark MacGregor. My own feeling is that, legislative events having eclipsed the rational case, only the rhetoric of outrage can sustain an advocacy of collective civil rights action. Messrs. McCulloch and MacGregor, eminently humane, conversationally correct, lack the fire to lift their plea from banality to emotional immanence.

Other chapters, including Laird's own, argue for revenue sharing with the states (over against categorical grants-in-aid), congressional reform and an overhaul of budget procedures. They are of interest and relevance to the specialist but not likely to set the public pulse pounding.

What Laird has in this collection, then, is what collectors usually have; some good stuff, some not so good. What he doesn't have, and its absence is conspicuous, is a stiff belt of partisan politics. Maybe Richard Nixon will write that chapter. □

MEN AND IDEAS

HOW MUCH LITERARY LICENSE?

MAX GELTMAN

The recent appearance of *William Styron's Nat Turner: Ten Black Writers Respond* raises the question I posed originally in these pages when reviewing Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer* (*NR*, Nov. 1, 1966). Then, I asked how much literary license should be permitted the author to recreate from his imagination the life of a historical figure, especially one not too deeply buried in the dust

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of antiquity? It will be recalled that Malamud took the very real Mendel Beilis and turned him into a creature he never was. To top it off, and in order to heighten the drama, he contrived tortures and sexual fantasies that would have brought a blush to the cheeks of Ilse Koch. But Malamud was lucky. Not too many critics knew who Mendel Beilis was, even if the book jacket did mention his name, while others were only too ready to be impressed with the novel's recourse to a kind of sex-*cum*-violence that assured it an uninterrupted climb to the top of the best-seller lists.

Styron has not been so fortunate. Not that he, too, hasn't enjoyed the royalties that come from best-sellerdom. He has. But after he thought he had it made in both worlds, he has been set upon by almost all Negro writers, especially those who prefer to identify themselves as "black." The assault has been merciless, if not always just. In a way, he had it coming. After all, Malamud hid his hero under a thin disguise by calling him Yakov Bok. But not Styron. He insisted on calling his novel *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. Here some of his severest critics have a point.

At least three of them harp on the theme that the author should have called his book "The Confessions of Willie Styron," as one of them (John Oliver Killens) entitled his essay. But all are convinced it is not *their* Nat Turner Styron "perpetrated" for an ignorant and all-too-willing-to-be-deceived audience. There is of course some truth in all this. After all, the historian, if not the critic, was aware that there existed a genuine "Confessions," written down by Thomas R. Gray in 1831 from the words dictated to him by the real Nat Turner. And this is all the reliable information on the "rebellion" and the life of the subject we have. All the rest is conjecture.

NOW IT *is* possible to fashion literature from such a subject and from such a theme. But the risks are enormous. I suggest Mr. Styron was not up to the kind of competence required to turn life into art because he was ultimately not content with taking his hero as he was and his deeds for what they were. Those today who use certain fixed, historically defined personalities as an easy approach to character creation are not after the heightening of consciousness, but *the implanting of a point of view*. Basically, they are engaged in propaganda—good propaganda, they hope, but propaganda nevertheless. Thus Malamud flogs a dead horse, Czarist antisemitism.

In the same way, but on a more sordid and extreme level, the plays of Rolph Hochhuth are examples of the current urge to defame contemporary or relatively contemporary figures. His Churchill (*The Soldiers*) and his Pius XII (*The Deputy*) are beneath serious criticism. Here the author's intention is to paint the image of the West (*contra* the totalitarian East) with a brush dipped in ordure.

Styron attempted to bolster the historicity of his work of fiction by making assertions—outside the novel—that only added fuel to the fire. This is not the place to go into the "facts" of the case, since there are precious few facts one can rely on. Certainly those black and angry men who find Styron's history tainted because as a white man he would not know black facts from white fiction are not to be taken too seriously, especially when to a man they prefer to rely on the authenticity of one white man (Herbert Aptheker) who, by his political commitment to Communism, is perhaps the most unreliable witness of all. That they prefer his history to Styron's is due to the fact that it is a political, a racially political axe they are out to hone. Yet there is a certain truth embedded in the assertion of another of the ten (John A. Williams), who says: "A novelist embarked on a historical work becomes a historian in effect, and he must evaluate his characters in terms of the time in which his characters lived." This is pretty rigid, but the point is well made. Certainly it is to be preferred to the tactics engaged in by Hochhuth, say.

When Styron's *Confessions* appeared, most white critics hailed it. It did sound as if it made a plea for the downtrodden Negro, and it made all the right noises about the evils of slavery. And who the hell was going to stick his neck out or his head into a history book, to fault the author on either count? The cash registers rang all the changes of good fortune, and Hollywood made a huge six-figure offer for the rights to Styron's interpretation of the "Confessions" of Nat Turner. The full twenty-page *true* "Confessions," for which they needn't have offered anybody a thin dime, were available all along. But they wanted Styron's sex-encrusted orgies to make a proper entry into the West Coast version of the *nouvelle vague* in film art. Chances are they will get their money's worth. For there is enough sex and violence and rape and homosexual fantasy to satisfy the lust for life of the most jaded of Hollywood buccaneers.

Only two Negro critics praised the book, one with a good deal of insight and some cogent reservations (Albert Murray); the other (James Baldwin) hailed it, probably because he identified himself emotionally with the hero as drawn by Styron in his first-person narrative. Baldwin saw nothing but virtue in the book which, in the words of the archly critical Mr. Killens, is made up in equal parts of Victorian English and Amos 'n' Andy. True enough, but this is not an attempt at a post-mortem critique of Mr. Styron's writing style. It is an effort to state the problem the artist must impose on himself if he is to be taken seriously in a genre that seems to have got out of hand. Surely if black men protest that their "hero" has been turned into "half-faggot and half-man," or into a child molester, or into the offspring of a fatherless (broken) family, in order to satisfy the current sociologizing on the subject, then such protest is not to be dismissed lightly.

YET THEY SEEM TO FEEL that "our Nat Turner" is not a proper subject for any but the most parochial (racist) approach. They want to see him as a general leading a mighty insurrection for the emancipation of the slaves. But the unadorned truth is that Nat Turner was what he was, a sick and tortured and mightily troubled man whose nightmare visions finally led to a massacre of some three-score whites, most of them children. I wonder, had the truth of his life been told, his "divine inspirations" (as he called them) even partially understood, whether there would have been such a hue and cry over Styron's real and fancied distortions?

So we are back to our beginning. What are the limits of license to be permitted the artist in fashioning fiction from fact? Perhaps the critics should tell him that if his imagination is so limited that he has to rely on the real for his fancies, he should at least make the effort not to violate good taste in the process. Perhaps they can impose some restraints in an area where one man's vulgarity has become another's free expression? But, fearing that the mass media will leave them be-

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hind, they exhibit that failure of nerve which prohibits them from calling pornography pornography and branding badly written novels (*The Fixer, The Confessions of Nat Turner*) a form of poplit produced for the purpose of making author and publishers rich. That, in itself, is not sinful—but is it art? □

FILM CHRONICLE

RICHARD CORLISS

Summertime, and the living is far too easy. We leave the city, invigorated by the evanescent scent of spring, determined to get that intellectual wallpapering done—it'll be Marcuse this summer—but the THI rises, the IQ dips, and by Labor Day, all we've done is to rake up a few Flemings. The road to Martha's Vineyard is paved with good intentions.

The intellectual peak for this summer's readers and moviegoers seems to be Ira Levin's urban horror story, *Rosemary's Baby,* which William Castle and Roman Polanski have made into a film starring Mia Farrow. Subliterate matrons and postliterate trippies have discovered the novel (the mother of a friend of mine reported, with ill-concealed pride, "I read a whole book"); the bridge-clubbers and telly freaks, who in the last five years have seen *The Sound of Music, Born Free* and, just maybe, *The Graduate* (dragged to it, but Katharine Ross was lovely), are going voluntarily to see *Rosemary's Baby,* and telling their friends to do the same.

Why this popularity? It would be pleasant to speculate, perhaps in the pages of *Partisan Review*, on an upsurge of interest in witchcraft and a concomitant decline in America's faith in its statesmen . . . but since we've posited that people don't think during the summer, we can hardly suggest a conscious escape into demonology. The probable answer is undeniably pedestrian: everybody loves a good ghost story. *Rosemary's Baby* has a fascinating ghost-story premise, and it is this premise that holds our attention through the indifferently written book and often sloppily directed movie.

Roman Polanski, who in *Repulsion* recited the case history of a girl driven insane by her fear of sexual contact, here shows us the pregnancy of a girl who, having rejected the authority of the Catholic Church, accepts a belief in the existence of demons and in their control over her child. Whereas Levin explicated Rosemary's scruples about leaving the Church, Polanski leaves them veiled, and so the film seems to share Rosemary's belief. In most other respects, the movie transcribes the book with fanatical fidelity. (One omission: one of the witches, in the novel, is a Buckley-for-Mayor supporter.) The film's advantage over the book is Mia Farrow's performance: she projects a totally believable vulnerability and strength, and Polanski had the sense to concentrate the camera on her fawn face, and let her suffer. Even male members of the audience may get sympathetic labor pains.

PETULIA WILL HAVE to wait until fall, I think, to find its audience. Richard Lester, its director, has always made us work hard in order to laugh. In *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help*, the Lower Liverpudlian was unintelligible to many American ears; in *The Knack* the plot was camouflaged beneath a cream of cinema tricks; in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* the gags were fired in such rapid succession that one became annoyed and then bored; and in *How I Won the War* the Swiftian satire was too often buried amid the rubble of Skeltonian slapstick. A Chaplin comedy makes your jaws ache; Lester makes your head ache. Just as it seemed that he had settled into making comedies for sado-masochists, *Petulia* turned up. Not much was expected: Julie Christie (a one-woman fad three years ago, who had the poor form to keep making films in 1968) playing another arch-kook who crumbles for an arch-square (named Archie, oddly enough) portrayed by George C. Scott, himself bogged down for ages with muscle-bound Comic Characterizations. And Joseph Cotten, Pippa Scott and Richard Chamberlain! Nothing was expected.

Well, relax. Not that you can ever really relax during *Petulia*; there's still work to be done. But the air of desperation that pervaded Lester's later work—the idea that this gag may not be funny enough by itself, so let's throw in three others around it—has blown away. Lester's relaxed, and so we can be. This largely due to the fact that *Petulia* isn't a comedy, it's a drama with a lot of genuine humor. Jokes *qua* jokes are few, and those few are funny. Lester and his scenarist Larry Marcus have diced and mixed their source material (John Haase's short novel) until some of the basic plot lines are so blurred that the film totters on the brink of incoherence, but for the most part this shuffling of sequence-of-tenses is relevant and revelatory.

The acting is exemplary. George C. Scott, whose acting was becoming as mannered and exhausting as Lester's direction, uses all his bits of business to create a really human being, in a performance much greater than the sum of its parts. Shirley Knight (Archie's wife) looks beautiful and acts beautifully, and Richard Chamberlain (Petulia's husband) has actually ac-

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quired an interesting face—a cross between Nils Asther and Montgomery Clift—and a boyishly psychotic personality to complement it. (Julie Christie is pretty good.) While watching *Petulia,* we keep thinking, "He's doing it, he's making a film with real people and a backhanded, kinky kind of humor." At the end of the film, we realize, "He's done it." We can all relax.

ROSEMARY'S BABY for summer, *Petulia* for fall. Now, some comments on films for *no* seasons:

The Bride Wore Black—François Truffaut's *hommage à* Fritz Lang, about a righteous avenger who carries justice too far. *Assez des hommages,* M. Truffaut! In the six years since *Jules et Jim,* his delightful *ménage-à-quatre ou cinq,* Truffaut has made three film exercises, and each is clever, admirable, and dull as a nominating speech for Senator Hiram L. Fong. Truffaut's current programmer features a deflated, forty-plus Jeanne Moreau as a woman who murders five men she suspects of killing her husband. Several of the film's characters are played by early stars of the New Wave, and it depresses one to discover what a difference a decade makes: they, like Truffaut, have grown flabby and tired. The music, by Hitchcock's composer, Bernard Herrmann, is an unfortunate amalgam of Hollywood brass and Left-Bank irony—sort of Nouvelle Wagnerian. The film isn't bad, it isn't good; it's just a waste of time—maybe not ours, but certainly Truffaut's.

THERESE AND ISABELLE—probably the best-made sexploitation film to be shown outside an American Legion meeting. The movie suffers because, like one of its heroines, it's a big tease. For three-quarters of an endless hour, the audience is kept waiting for Essy Persson (you loved her in *I, A Woman*) to take her clothes off, or get raped, or just *do* something—while producer-director Radley Metzger, the Hitchcock of the hornies, concentrates on plot, characterization and—it must mean something—shrubbery. The long-delayed lubricity finally gets under way, but it is more described than depicted, and there is more heavy breathing on the sound-track than in the theater. Still, *Therese and Isabelle* moves at such a flaccid pace that it's a natural for the art houses that welcomed *I, A Woman*; for this reason Metzger, an American, shot a French-language version. But ma, it can't be dirty, it's got subtitles!

Two films whose predominant tedium is relieved only by occasional flourishes of offensiveness, and which are more obscene and degrading than the fairly straightforward *Therese and Isabelle*, are *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Wild in the Streets*. The former has no reason for being (the banal story would seem stretched out in an hour-long TV program) and less reason for seeing. Misogynists may enjoy watching Steve McQueen toy with Faye Dunaway; but I doubt that the lowliest voyeur would delight in a chess game and subsequent kissing scene unrivaled for calculated prurience. *Wild in the Streets* may have started with an interesting idea, but it is sabotaged by an inept screenplay. Thirty years ago, Lewis B. Mayer would have called in S. N. Behrman to add some sophisticated dialogue and a few zany peripheral characters. The era of Mayer and Behrman is gone, and few men of style have remained or emerged. *Wild in the Streets* is disastrous in its crudity of dialogue, photography and performance. Don't be misled into thinking it might be a wicked satire on youth and the society that worships youth. The film is an insult to both. Youth wouldn't stand for *Wild in the Streets*; the rest of us would sleep through it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE POLICE, *by Herbert T. Klein (Crown, $5.95).* The police must constantly struggle to make manifest the abstractions of law in the concreteness of order. Thus, legislative acts and judicial decisions often materially alter the ability of the policeman to combat criminal elements. Klein, a retired policemen, explains and underscores his views by making examples of his actual cases (many of which have the flavor of good mystery stories). His opposition to the Supreme Court's *Miranda* decision is embodied in the story of an eleven-year-old boy who has shot two teen-agers. The boy, vaguely cognizant of the law and emboldened by misinformation, responded to Klein's questioning with the words the *Miranda* decision was to make law, "I don't gotta tell nobody nuttin." In a similar fashion Klein attacks the proposal for a Civilian Review Board outside the Police Department (while commending the Conservative Party for its herculean efforts in this cause) and praises New York's "No Knock" and "Stop and Frisk" laws. The book ranges beyond these

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positions, however, to give an overview of the awesome spectrum of the responsibilities of the policeman. It becomes evident that the most efficient police force can only enforce law to the extent the law allows enforcement. And, while the potential to substantially protect law-abiding citizens exists in today's police forces, the power to allow the realization of that potential lies with legislators and judges. Who, then, shall be protected—the majority or the miscreants who "don't gotta tell nobody nuttin."? T. CRAWFORD

THE CONDITION OF REPUBLICANISM, *by Nick Thimmesch (Norton, $5.95).* This study of the Republican Party has the impartial virtues of its undiscriminating defects. Mr. Thimmesch finds something good to say about practically everybody—even Barry Goldwater. At one point he actually takes Nelson Rockefeller to task and at another says that Goldwater was smeared in '64. For these assertions, Mr. Thimmesch deserves very high marks indeed. Yet his own liberal predispositions keep leading him into the paths of political error. The people he believes to be most representative of the GOP are liberals of the Lindsay-Hatfield-Percy-Evans breed—who found themselves in a forlorn minority at Miami Beach. As a result, Thimmesch spends 80 per cent of his time talking about 20 per cent of the party and winds up making analytical mistakes that could easily be avoided. He says, for example, that most Southern Republican congressmen elected in '66 were "moderates" (their voting records are overwhelmingly conservative) and asserts that liberal Republican Thomas Kuchel's political position is "popular with Californians" (Kuchel was beaten in the June primary by conservative Max Rafferty). The author has tried hard to see the Republican Party whole, but the liberal mind-set seems to be more powerful than the best of journalistic intentions. M. S. EVANS

AMERICA'S POLITICAL DILEMMA, *by Gottfried Dietze (Johns Hopkins, $7.95)* The Great Society is—or, rather, was—a democratic society. Democracy continues, of course, and grows ever more pervasive: more and more, *vox Dei, vox pop.* Professor Dietze traces America's road from limited to unlimited democracy. Dietze's main point is the accelerating breakdown of institutional safeguards of freedom. This breakdown can be seen in the dominance of the executive over the legislative branch, of the Federal Government over the states, of the majority over the minority, of the central government over the individual. As Jefferson put it, quoted by Dietze: "The tyranny of the executive will come in its turn, but at a more distant period." America's political dilemma, as Dietze sees it, is that she has become too egalitarian, too majoritarian, losing in the process her libertarian values and constitutional tradition. M. PETERSON

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DELECTATIONS

GOING IN GIRO

CHARLES FOLEY

ANDIAMO IN GIRO, say the Romans; which means "Let's circulate." So they do. Round Piazza Venezia, Piazza di Spagna. Up the Palatine, down the Janiculum. Three on a scooter, three hundred to a streetcar. This summer, parking was banned in the city center, so no one can stop. In other cities you feel that people are moving with purpose; in Rome you're sure it's for pleasure.

Romans hate to plan: they live by the theory of the *combinato all' improviso*—the surprise encounter. With a pretty girl, say, or an ice-cream, or the Pope. Let the car take you round St. Peter's Square a couple of times, if it will, on Sunday morning. Like some beautiful Renaissance toy the white figure of His Holiness appears at the high window. Twice or thrice he bounces majestically an invisible globe in upturned hands in that strange gesture of benediction, then retires. ("I miss no opportunity of a blessing," wrote Oscar Wilde, visiting in 1900. "My walking stick shows signs of budding.")

Pope Paul may have introduced the papacy to the world public, but few of the public penetrate his own private world of Vatican City. Paul rules his 107.8 acres of sovereign territory from an apartment overlooking St. Peter's piazza. He has 905 citizens, five dogs, twelve canaries and numberless cats living in a corner of the city-state.

It takes fifteen minutes to walk across the world's smallest state. You see small sign of the wonders it contains. Rooms crammed with relics of forgotten wars, swords and guns and flags. Crown jewels, the clothes of emperors, the love letters of a queen. Trapdoors cover secret tunnels which past popes have often found convenient. The private army today carries machine-guns as well as spears and dresses in Napoleonic and Spanish conquistador style.

There is a two-cell jail, never used. (Last month capital punishment was officially abolished.) There's a railway station of pink and green marble, never used. There's a garage full of vintage cars bought by past pontiffs (a 1928 Graham Paige, a 1930 gold-fitted Citroen), never used. Pope Paul rides in a new Mercedes 300 with the number plate SCV 1—for Vatican City State.

But even in Vatican City the principle remains: I recall attending a papal reception for diplomats and the press. His Holiness made his speech; all stood about. "What now?" I asked a gentleman in a ruff and black pantaloons with sword at his hip. "*Andiamo in giro,*" he replied. Circulate. Keep moving.

Inside St. Peter's itself, all is movement. The great crowds swirl round, the few Romans among them distinguishable by their proprietary stroll. They look at nothing as they do, unless at the latest pallid infant to be dunked in the immemorial font of black Macael marble.

Mass temporarily halts the flow. The Passionist choir sings smoothly, a band of middle-aged men in fur, purple and lace, perched under Bernini's great canopy in rows, like exotic old birds. The service over, a tiny scarlet cardinal marches away between two tall carabinieri. Acolytes flutter in their wake. The crowd pours away down the aisles peering in at waxen saints glittering under neon in glass-sided tombs, like Christmas presents.

There is another corner of Rome as fascinating, and as little known as Vatican City. A mile down the banks of the brown Tiber lies a vast relic of the Fascist era. Once it was called the Mussolini Forum. Now it has been renamed Foro Italico. But this complex of stadiums and sports arenas does not otherwise attempt to hide its origins.

It is breaking up. Marble pavements tilt and crack. Mosaic crunches underfoot. The squat square buildings are empty. Broken glass covers the floors. Windows are boarded. A few slogans are still legible among the grass which bursts pavements. Some are in big blocks, reading simply:

DUCE DUCE DUCE
DUCE DUCE DUCE
DUCE DUCE DUCE

Some emerge in balloons from mosaic soldiers' mouths: ITALY AT LAST HAS HER EMPIRE! The place was built at the time of the Abyssinian war. Now children use it as a playground.

But the stadium still functions as a sports center. Around it stand 65 marble colossi of dazzling whiteness. Apart from one or two in Charles Atlas lion skins or uncomfortable looking jockstraps, all are castrati. It seems that the Mussolini-approved virility of the Thirties was fig-leaved by the decorous postwar Christian Democrat regime. The fig-leaves were then assailed by vandals with chisels, with fatal results for the Brescia marble genitals.

An obelisk crowns the forum. The words MUSSOLINI DUX are carved in giant letters along it. At the base is: "Fascist Year XIV." Few other memories of Mussolini remain in Rome: a news item about his widow Donna Rachele; a yearly press picture of Edda, his daughter, giving the Fascist salute before the dictator's tomb.

IT IS the *bella stagione*: the season of going in giro to the beach. Half a million Romans pour down the thirteen-mile autostrade to Lido di Roma in their Fiats. Trees shush past the open window. The car radio mutters and sings. Books, towels, lilos fruit, sun oil, a bottle of wine slip repeatedly from the rear seat. The lido at Ostia is a long strip of a town separated from the sea by barricades of changing cabins. Passing through, you part with your clothes and a dollar.

On the glittering sand hirsute papas set up deck chairs and *ombrelloni*, inflate rubber mats, scream like gulls at children. They lie back with *Il Messagero* and the day's murder. ASSASSIN OF VIA GARIBALDI CONFESSES. I KILLED DADDY'S BEST FRIEND FOR MONEY TO BUY A GUITAR. Soon the newspaper is dropped. The children tear it in pieces, which blow into the sea.

The heat is unchanging. But sometimes, towards late afternoon, clouds pile high over distant Rome. The wind starts singing, sand stings the skin, yellow dust-devils swirl along. Warm drops of rain fall. The crowds take refuge in cafés and beach restaurants.

"*Che caldo!*" a fat lady informs neighbors. "Never have I sweated so much."

In an hour the storm passes. Dusk falls. Lights come out along the coast.

The season is over by September, and only a handful of tourists swim. After that, no one. Foam shoots over empty miles of sand. Dunes pile against the shuttered cafés. Someone else's straw hat hangs in the hall all winter, exuding a faint fragrance of sun oil. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

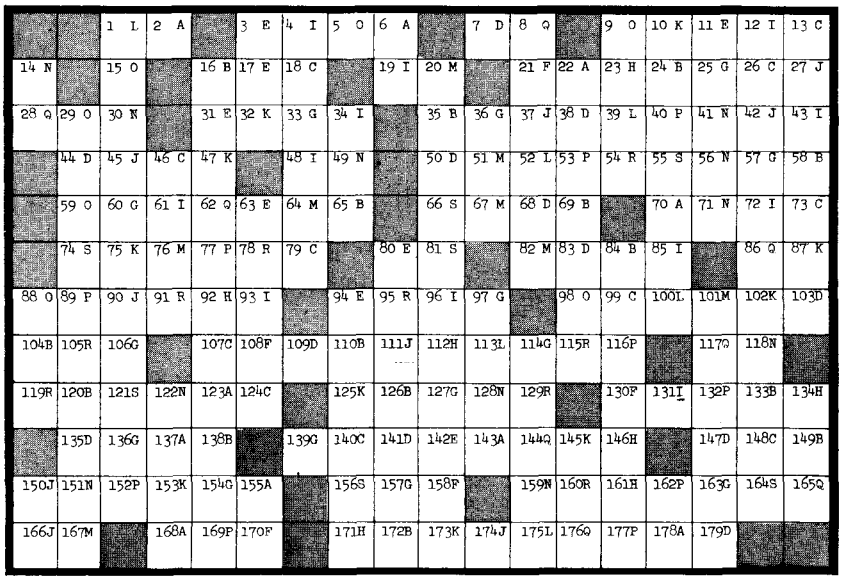
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Animated anew	70 2 22 123 137 143 168 178 6 155
B. Not subject to the process of acquiring a right by uninterrupted assertion of the right over a long period	172 69 104 110 138 149 133 24 120 35 65 126 16 58 84
C. A condition easier to attain than satisfaction	13 46 73 79 99 124 18 107 140 148 26
D. The river-horse (it's Greek to me)	135 7 38 50 68 83 103 109 179 141 147 44
E. Act of terrifying	142 31 94 11 17 63 3 80
F. To marry again	170 21 130 108 158
G. Individuals who can afford to live in apartments built in urban renewal areas	106 33 114 127 136 139 163 25 36 57 60 97 154 157
H. What a team of horses did at two bits	161 134 92 171 112 23 146
I. A city of 72,354 (1960), east of the Mississippi	131 4 34 72 43 48 61 85 96 93 12 19
J. Something used by Swiss herdsmen and mountaineers	42 174 150 166 45 27 111 37 90
K. *Cheiranthus Cheiri*	47 87 102 153 10 173 75 125 145 32

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Interlaced again	52 39 1 113 100 175
M. A breed of cattle and a breed of hogs	64 51 67 101 20 82 76 167
N. The capital of an African nation	118 41 71 122 14 128 151 159 30 49 56
O. A compound word neither element of which is subordinate to the other	59 88 9 29 98 5 15
P. What Haile Selassie's subjects are called	77 40 162 132 169 53 152 89 177 116
Q. Of striking beauty	86 117 62 144 8 28 176 165
R. An overcoat with a long, removable cape	115 91 119 54 95 160 105 129 78
S. To offend by an open manifestation of disrespect or insolence	156 66 74 121 81 164 55

See page 974 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (SEPTEMBER 10)
(C. Northcote) PARKINSON:
LEFT LUGGAGE:

To keep in business a union has to do *something*. Each year there must be a fresh demand, without which the union will lose membership. Members expect to see some return for their subscriptions and union officials are not paid to be inactive. Lacking a grievance, they will have to invent one.

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BIAFRA

(cont. from p. 962)

part of the world.

The main reasons for British involvement on the federal, i.e. northern, side are two. (The Western Region, for the moment, is stringing along with the North because of the spoils, and some Moslem affinities.) The first is a natural sympathy between former British colonial officials and the northern rulers, who are gentlemen. So were the British colonial officials. Like called to like; northerners were horsemen and even played polo, whereas southerners, especially Ibos, were beastly to horses—really beastly, they beat them to death as sacrifices. It seems odd that Mr. Wilson's Labor colleagues and his Whitehall bureaucrats should have taken over this upperclass tradition, but it created a precedent, and so was to be respected and retained.

The other reason is that the federation was a British political creation and no creator likes to see his work destroyed. Moreover federation, i.e. centralism, is a sacred cow. Heaven knows how many people have been sacrificed to it all through history, not least since the end of the colonial regime: India to lead off with, then Sudan, Congo, and now Nigeria. There must be One Nigeria say the northerners who have seized power—illegally like Ian Smith and infinitely more bloodily—and mean to keep it and rule lesser breeds as before. There must be One Nigeria echoes the British government, which drew the blueprints and worships, without too much self-questioning, the sacred cow. There must be One Nigeria say the leftists, oddly aligning themselves with the pukka sahibs and with a military dictatorship oppressing a minority with a ferocity undreamt of by, say, the untouchable Greek colonels. So these ill-assorted allies unite to crush Biafra, whose cries of "genocide" are dismissed as clever Ibo propaganda—another fault in British eyes is that Ibos are inclined to be clever, like Jews—supported by "certain powers," presumed to be the French and Portuguese and possibly the Germans, who have designs on the oil wells to be found in Iboland. Thanks to this oil, Biafra is the richest region of Nigeria, another weighty reason for the One Nigeria creed of General Gowon's military regime.

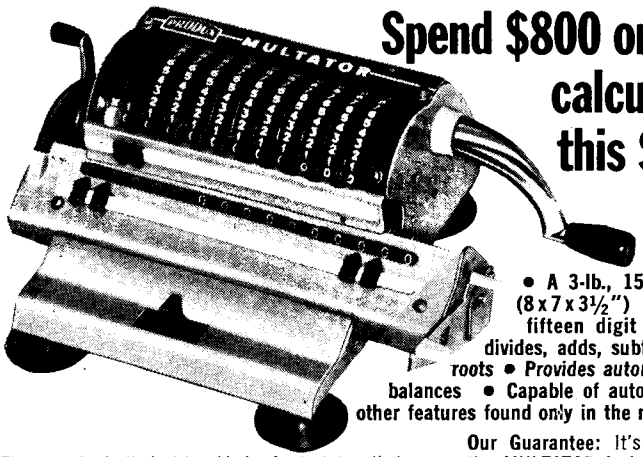
The genocide of Ibos will be incomplete. There were about eight million of them and there are no gas chambers, only bombs, bullets, bayonets and starvation. Many have taken to the bush and others are living unmolested in the rest of Nigeria: for not all are nationalists, and Ibos, again like Jews, have learnt to be adaptable, sometimes chameleon-like, and wily. Despite all the starving children and bodies bulldozed into communal graves the Ibos will survive; but not their hopes of independence. Uhuru is for the strong, they are not strong enough.

All this is *realpolitik*, but what sticks in the gullet is the hypocrisy of Western governments that support the snuffing out of Biafra in the name of maintaining law and order, suppressing rebels and backing up a decent legal government. The ritual of the sacred cow, in fact. The sacredness of the cow depends a good deal on her color. Eight years ago, the British sent a commission to central Africa to find out whether the federation then existing between Rhodesia and the countries that became Malawi and Zambia should continue; or whether, owing to the repugnance felt towards it by many Africans, it should be dissolved. The commissioners concluded that it would be wrong to continue to impose a federal structure against the wishes of the majority. The British (Tory) government of the day accepted this view and dissolved the federation, in a manner so maladroit as to lead directly to the present series of tragedies in central Africa. Black-ruled Malawi and Zambia were given independence amid huzzas and golden handshakes while white-ruled Rhodesia, which had enjoyed *de facto* independence for forty years, was not.

So, circumstances alter cases; it was the whites who supported federation in central Africa and the blacks who opposed it, so the federation was dismantled. In Nigeria, both pros and antis are black, so the decision might seem harder, but it has not proved to be. Federation is Good and must be maintained, even at the cost of genocide, which is all a myth anyway.

It really seems about time to cull our herd of sacred cows. Their appetites are formidable. In particular, this sacred cow of centralism: that large political units with strong central governments are Good, a lot of little ones are Bad. We are not even consistent: a lot of little states in central Europe would suit us a great deal better than one big one in the shape of the USSR, and a lot of little Chinas would be splendid. A lot of little African states is what we have got anyway—38 at the last count I think; Biafra, with about twelve million people, would be a giant among them.

There is a great deal to be said for little nations whose leaders can often be persuaded, once political power is theirs, to cooperate in economic and technical matters, the main respectable reason in favor of bigness. There seems no valid reason why Biafra should not have been allowed its freedom from Lagos, just as Lagos was allowed its freedom from London. When does freedom cease to be a noble aim and become an incitement to vandalism? Has the sacred cow been leading us up the garden path? Maybe the time has come at last to dislodge her from her pedestal. She is a dangerous, greedy beast, sired perhaps by that monstrous bull of Minos and unlikely to provide us, as we continue covertly to hope, with a long line of golden calves. □



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Javits Way of Hurting Nixon

On The Right

New York, September 8—The passion play reaching its conclusion in New York State would have rocked the Republican Party nationwide if it had been more widely advertised. The scheduled victim is Richard Nixon. And the tragedy lies in his inability to fight for his own interests. Meanwhile his oppressors shield themselves by heavenly incantations to the axiomatic virtues of the two-party system.

What happened in New York is the Conservative Party. It was founded in 1962, and such was the rate of its growth that by 1966 it had captured Row C from the quarter-century old Liberal Party. In other words, the Conservatives amply demonstrated at the polls that their interests were not being asserted by top Republican officials: but the disposition, of course, is never to fret over disfranchised conservatives. Accordingly, Governor Rockefeller sent out word, upon the founding of the Conservative Party, that it was to be ignored by Republicans, and that on no account should any Republican accept the endorsement of the Conservatives.

The policy of ostracism has been a dismal failure. An indication of the increasing desirability of the Conservative endorsement is that in 1964, 59 Republican candidates for congressional and state legislative office requested and received Conservative endorsement. This year, the figure has risen to ninety eight. But there are hold-outs. In some cases, left Republicans whom the Conservatives have declined to endorse. In others, Republican loyalists who have declined the Conservatives' support.

Along comes Mr. Nixon, the nominee of his party, and naturally he desires to be listed on every conceivable line in New York State, including the Conservatives'. One would think that his preference in the matter would be automatically respected, but not at all, not at all in a state whose Republican leaders are Rockefeller, Javits and Lindsay. We know from the experience of 1964 that R, J and L are quite capable themselves of declining to endorse the candidate of the Republican Party. This year, they have announced that the Conservatives may not list Nixon's electors on their line, an anti-democratic ruling they are in a position to enforce via the state committee because of the anachronistic electoral system. The effect of this decision will be to cut down Mr. Nixon's vote by several hundred thousand, endangering Nixon's chances to carry New York, and perhaps even the nation.

This massive assault on Nixon by the Republican leaders is justified by their belief in the two-party system, and their continued determination to refuse to cooperate with the Conservative Party. What's wrong with that explanation is that Mr. Javits, who is running for re-election this year, and who pronounced himself not long ago as "the principal ideologue of the Republican Party," is himself accepting the cross-endorsement of a third party, the Liberal Party! Such effrontery could not have been staged by Barnum and Bailey.

The hypocrisy reaches very far. Mr. Rockefeller, professedly shocked by third-party endorsements, was never heard criticizing John Lindsay for taking the Liberal endorsement in 1965 when running for mayor. Senator Bridges, the leader of the Republicans in the state senate, accepts the Liberal endorsement. And so on.

The argument that the rank and file would oppose permitting Nixon to go on the Conservative line, because his doing so would help Conservatives running for lesser offices against Republicans, is superficial. For one thing, where such conflicts occur, the Democratic preponderance is overwhelming, so that it wouldn't much matter; for another, there is considerable evidence that many Democrats would vote for Nixon on the Conservative line, but not on the Republican line. So that Nixon's appearance on Row C should weaken the Democratic Party right down the line, and that's supposed to be good, isn't it?

Not if you are Javits or Rockefeller. Because these gentlemen, one cannot resist the conclusion, are gleeful at having discovered a way of hurting Mr. Nixon which can be defended in terms of sublime and abstract devotion to the two-party system.

The Conservative Party, rather than split the Nixon vote, has decided against running its own Presidential electors. □

SHERLOCK BUCKLEY RIDES AGAIN

New York, Sept. 9—The trouble with any attempt to elevate standards in politics is that yesterday's infamy is of no interest whatever today. There is a noble thing around called the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, but the idealistic young founder of it has a hard time paying the phone bills, and although irate candidates swoop down upon it in mid-campaign charging that foul and unfair things have been imputed to them, the Committee reserves its judgment until after the election is over: by which time no one is interested. Still, there is some sort of a duty, I guess, to file away juicy incidents as they occur, for the record, as they say, and just in case St. Peter overlooked them.

I have a beauty. During the Miami Beach Convention of the Republican Party, the *Miami Herald* carried a monstrous big ad entitled:

Memorandum To: Delegates to the Republican National Convention

From: Black America

Subject: The Presidential Nomination.

The advertisement instructed the delegates to vote for Rockefeller or else. "We take this opportunity to advise you that candidates with records such as Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan are not acceptable to Black Americans."

The chairman of the list of 76 Negro signers was Mr. Louis Lomax, the Los Angeles writer, and among the 76 were names of very prominent Negroes, for instance, Charles Evers, Marian Anderson, Louis Armstrong, Cab Calloway, and Lionel Hampton, who are not given to lightly implying that other Americans are racist, that being the clear implica-

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tion of the advertisement concerning Nixon and Reagan. I was asked to comment on the advertisement. I said that it was reprehensible from every point of view, and that it was clearly, on the face of it, a Rockefeller operation undoubtedly paid for by Rockefeller headquarters. A foreign journalist, overhearing me, challenged Governor Rockefeller at a press conference that afternoon.

Governor Rockefeller, this morning Mr. Buckley charged that the advertisement sponsored by Citizens of Black America was a Rockefeller operation. "Is that true?"

"No," said the Governor. "It isn't true." Whereupon he added, genially, "You have to understand that Mr. Buckley fell off a boat a couple of days ago." Everybody laughed, myself included when I saw it on television, but as my laughter died down I beamed at the set, 'You'll be sorry, Governor.' But he didn't hear me.

A week or two later, my office telephones the *Miami Herald,* National Political Advertising Department. We are put on to Mr. Bob Govin who handled the Citizens of Black America ad. He advised us that at the very last minute, a woman named Evelyne Cunningham had come to the offices of the *Herald,* cash in hand, with copy of the Black America ad, which the *Herald* routinely accepted.

But he was very sorry he had done so.

Why? we asked.

Because, he said, he had received somewhere between thirty and fifty letters from people whose names had been listed as signers, protesting that they had never given their permission to appear on the advertisement. Who, for instance? we asked. Well, he couldn't remember them all, but he could offhand remember that he had heard from Charles Evers, Lionel Hampton, Marian Anderson and Louis Armstrong who had emphatically disavowed the ad.

Who was Miss Cunningham? we persevered.

Don't know, he said. All we got from her by way of address was Hotel Lucerne, Room 709, Miami Beach, Florida, and her permanent address as 4919 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

So we checked that address and found it listed in the Washington phone book as belonging to one Barrington D. Parker, who, what do you know, turned out to be one of the three delegates from D.C. pledged to Rockefeller. On a hunch, we then called Rockefeller for President Headquarters, which was winding up its affairs, and, brashly, asked to speak to Evelyne Cunningham. The answer came that Miss Cunningham no longer worked for the Rockefeller for President Headquarters, which was officially dissolved, but that she could be reached at—Rockefeller's New York gubernatorial office.

At this point, chivalry sets in, and we promise not to tax Miss Cunningham.

Incidentally, there is no more reason to infer that Nelson Rockefeller is untruthful, than there is to infer that Richard Nixon is a racist. The chances are overwhelming that he was personally unaware of what his staff was up to. How they got the names heaven only knows: presumably, somebody just made up a list of prominent Negroes. Then, to attend to the mechanics of the ad, it was arranged for an efficient young lady known only as Miss Cunningham, to deliver the cash (whose cash? Anybody out there willing to guess who hasn't recently fallen off a boat?) to the *Miami Herald.*

Simple.

But you can't fool old Sherlock Buckley. □

HUMPHREY AT THE BRINK

Stamford, Conn. Sept. 12 — The strategy of Hubert Humphrey was perhaps predictable. Still, it's sad to see it materialize, and it's going to pose for Richard Nixon considerable problems of self-restraint, a subject on which I do not these days moralize. I mean, of course, Hubert Humphrey's effort to link Richard Nixon with George Wallace.

It is a delicate operation. One begins with the ritual disclaimer. "My Republican opponent," says Mr. Humphrey handsomely, "is no racist. He is a fair and just man." (Incidentally, perhaps Mr. Humphrey will take an opportunity to disavow contrary insinuations by such of his supporters as Jackie Robinson?) Unfortunately, Mr. Humphrey goes on, Richard Nixon is trying to appeal to the same people that Wallace appeals to. And "the third-party candidate for President owes his political existence to the fears and hates aroused by"—the issue of human rights.

Buckley

Now pull that together, and the listener has it that Nixon, in pursuit of the Presidency, is subtly disparaging human rights, and appealing to racist instincts. And the reporters so convey the message, as in the lead in the *New York Daily News*: "Humphrey accused the Republican Presidential candidate of playing on the same fears as third-party candidate George Wallace."

The strategy is extremely interesting, though perhaps dangerous. By likening Wallace and Nixon, you help Wallace, and hurt Nixon. Couple their names frequently enough and, inevitably, the listener sees some of Nixon's fair-mindedness and impeccable record on civil rights spill over on to Wallace, purifying him a little. And, conversely, Wallace's air of disreputability spills over and slightly contaminates Nixon.

Now for Humphrey's purpose that would be ideal—on one assumption. If Humphrey can encourage a traffic of votes from Nixon to Wallace, and from Nixon to himself, all in one swoop, he is doing very well indeed. The risk lies in the possibility that the cautious legitimization of Wallace might increase the traffic in votes from Humphrey right past Nixon on over to the third party. There has been much speculation concerning the question: whom will Wallace hurt the most? It is generally assumed that Wallace will gravely damage Nixon's chances to get the electoral vote in the South. But thus far, the demonstrated Wallace strength in the North has been among disgruntled Democrats. Talk up Wallace (which is done by associating him with Nixon) and you may very well increase his vote at the expense of Humphrey's.

Who is even otherwise leading with his chin. It is brinkmanship of the first order to go about the country as Mr. Humphrey is now doing accusing his opponent of "exploiting the fears of the American people." What, pray, are political contests all about, if not to permit candidates to express themselves on how best to allay the fears of the American people? If the American people, AD 1968, are not fearful, they are either all insouciant or solipsists. Five years with Mr. Lyndon Johnson working away at the achievement of a Great Society sees young men fearful of having to die in Vietnam, other young men and women fearful of attending colleges and universities without being embroiled in riots, men, women and children fearful of murderers, robbers, and muggers, old people fearful of the decline in the value of their savings, parents fearful of the decreasing quality of education, Negroes terrorized by Negro revolutionists, whites terrorized by white revolutionists, the entire community wracked by the impotence of our foreign policy and the utter failure of the politics of convergence to help the wretched people of Czechoslovakia. Exploit the fears of the people indeed! The principal support given to George Wallace in the decent community has little to do with the race issue, a great deal to do with the failure of government. The government's job is to preserve the essential freedoms of the citizenry. Any doubt these are nowadays imperiled is most appropriately expressed by the author of the politics of joy. □

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FOR THE RECORD

■ After Chicago: Don't look for any important fourth party movement on the Presidential level. **Eugene McCarthy** won't play, neither will **John Lindsay**, whom New Party leader **Marcus Raskin** had wanted as New Party Veep. Raskin and other Democratic drop-outs say they'll turn their energies now to supporting peace candidates on local levels. . . . **Teddy Kennedy**, who stands to pick up the marbles in '72 if **HHH** fizzles at polls in '68, is expected to announce his formal endorsement of Humphrey in next couple of weeks which will make him a team player, in contrast to McCarthy. . . . Washington columnist **David Broder**, a shrewd political analyst, says at this moment **Nixon** is leading in electoral votes, **Wallace** is second, Humphrey third. . . . Latest **Gallup** shows 37 per cent of people believe Republican Party is best equipped to handle major problems confronting nation as against 25 per cent who prefer the Democrat. . . . Richard Nixon busy darning rents in GOP. **Craig Truax**, former chairman of Pennsylvania Republican State Committee, sidekick to liberal Republican Senator **Hugh Scott** and grand inquisitor of N.J. "ratfinks," has been named National Field Organizer of United Citizens for Nixon-Agnew. . . . Nixon headquarters has done nothing to deny persistent rumors that if Nixon is elected **Nelson Rockefeller** could be his Secretary of State. . . . Rocky, incidentally, has urged Senate to delay action on the nuclear nonproliferation treaty because of Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Good show.

■ **Rennie Davis** (National Mobilization Committee), one of leading Chicago agitators, says New Left should prevent both Nixon and Humphrey from campaigning; he calls for formation of a National Liberation Front in this country. . . . **Mike Klonsky** of SDS is urging McCarthy supporters to join ranks, but warns that it will "have to be on New Left terms." . . . National Committee to Abolish HUAC somehow has concluded that HUAC was responsible for **Mayor Daley**.

■ Blockbusters on liberal Left—SANE, ADA, Committee for an Effective Congress (**Barbara Tuchman**, **Henry Steele Commager**)—all most interested in keeping following doves in Congress: Senators **Morse** (Ore.), **Clark** (Pa.), **Church** (Ida.), **Bayh** (Ind.), **Nelson** (Wis.), **Monroney** (Okla.), and of keeping out **Max Rafferty** (Cal.) and **Barry Goldwater** (Ariz.). Republicans as of now almost certain of winning races in Arizona, Oklahoma and Pennsylvania; their chances rated good in Maryland, Idaho, South Dakota, California. . . . Appointment of Rep. **Charles Goodell** (R., N.Y) to **Robert Kennedy**'s Senate seat can be marked up as gain for conservatives. Goodell has ACA rating of 80 per cent, ADA 13, COPE 5 (as against 4, 98, 100, respectively fo RFK). . . . Another vital dove-hawk confrontation: Arkansas senatorial rac where challenger **Charles Bernard** i fighting vigorous campaign against still favored **J. William Fulbright**.

Nuernberger Zeitung Ben Roth Agency
Return in "Liberty"

■ Upheavals in black militant move ments: fight between Black Panther and SNCC ended in gunfire last week in Washington SNCC headquarters: nc one hurt. Followed by a fortnigh SNCC's ouster of former chairmar **Stokely Carmichael**, resignation o **H. Rap Brown** and **James Forman** from Panthers. Carmichael is expected to join Panthers if he hasn't already . . . Behind-the-scenes activity in South ern Christian Leadership Conferenc (SCLC) to oust Rev. **Ralph Abernathy** after Resurrection City fiasco, bu SCLC leaders can't get together or another leader. . . . Would you believe **Conor Cruise O'Brien** is still "inclinec to believe" (in the *Minority of One* that **John F. Kennedy** and **Martin Luther King** were assassinated by "right-wing groups." . . . **Jean-Paul Sartre** pulled himself together the othe day and condemned Soviet invasion o Czechoslovakia but hastened to adc that it couldn't be compared to "the Johnson Administration's ignoble geno cide" in Vietnam. . . . **French Commu nist Party**, after blasting Soviet invasion two weeks ago, returned to the fold Sept. 3 with praise for Soviet-Czech "accord."

■ Important member of an intellec tual **Republican liberal outfit** which has been poo-poohing crime in the streets issue, lost a) his wallet, at gunpoint and b) his watch, at knifepoint, in mid night stroll down New York's Third Avenue from 60th St. to 15th a fortnight ago.

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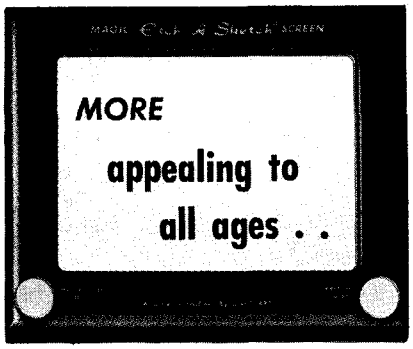
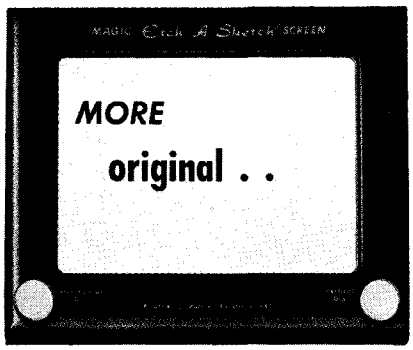
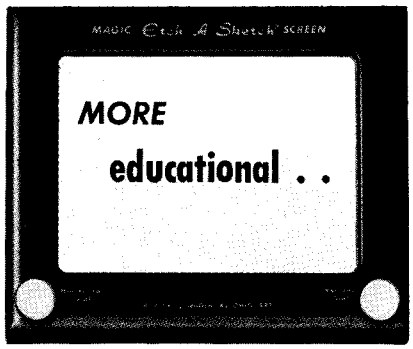
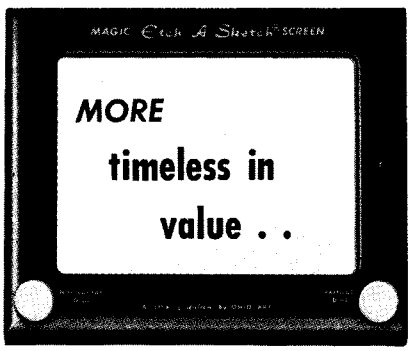
There's nothing *MORE* challenging . . .









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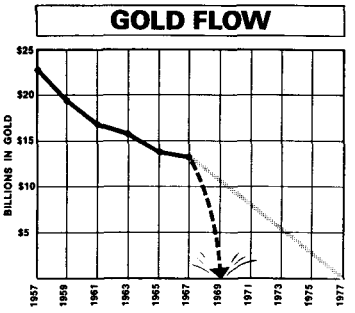
Why the Gold Crisis Could Trigger the Next Depression

AND HOW YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR LIFE SAVINGS

If economist William F. Rickenbacker is right, there may be little time left to convert your holdings to a form that can withstand the coming financial holocaust. In DEATH OF THE DOLLAR, he explains with cool — no, bone-chilling — logic, why he thinks the depression must come. Then he reasons out the steps (the very few steps) that you can take to protect the assets you've accumulated.



THE CHART TELLS THE STORY. Black line shows loss of gold reserves since 1957 as foreigners cash in dollars for gold. Grey line projects loss of remaining gold by 1977 IF rate of loss stays the same. But the outflow is sure to speed up. Reason: we continue to spend far more dollars than we can redeem in gold. Broken line shows what will happen as nervous creditors lose confidence and "rush" our government in a panic to "get their gold before it's too late". Then the U.S. must stop redeeming dollars for gold or run out of gold — thus driving the price way up and cutting the dollar's buying power. Will it happen this month? In 1969? 1970? No one knows; it could happen any time now.

WHAT A NIGHTMARE! You lose your job or business. You see the value of your stocks or property drop by half overnight. You lose most of your savings. In effect, you must pay twice as much for your mortgage or car loan, *and you can't get any further credit!* The trouble is, this may not just be a bad dream; it could be a FACT.

According to Rickenbacker, *the stage is already set for the worst depression in American history.* It is the current gold crisis that will trigger the holocaust. Nobody knows exactly how and when; it could be next year or maybe next week. But strike it will, says Rickenbacker, *probably with no more warning than what you are reading right now!*

Step by step, the author explains why. He shows how our gold reserves are tied to our international balance of payments. With plain horse-sense reasoning, he shows why all the financial parachutes and fire extinguishers that the government has laced through our money system will prove to be *frauds* when the chips are down.

Does FDIC insurance on your savings account make you feel secure? At this very moment the FDIC can pay no more than $1 for every $100 of yours it has insured! Are you impressed when the Federal Reserve "monetizes the debt"? Rickenbacker shows how this can take a $100 debt, turn it into a $600 credit and skyrocket the cost of milk and eggs. Does $10 billion in gold sound like plenty of "reserves"? It's less than half of what we had just a few years ago — and it now is supposed to support *four times more* in short-term loans to the U.S. How long will foreign countries continue to accept our notes — our promise to pay in gold — *when they know we soon may have no gold?*

Above all—Rickenbacker shows why Wall Street and the entire financial community can be *expected* to be caught napping when the hurricane strikes. (Their slumber is almost a required ingredient.)

How You May AVOID Financial Disaster

If a reading of Rickenbacker's analysis makes sense to you, you'll want to know what steps to take as a hedge against the trouble ahead. The author analyzes all the major investment possibilities — stocks, bonds, convertibles, real estate, cash savings, art treasures, etc. — showing which types of holdings you may want to avoid, which are more likely to provide you with a crash helmet.

Please understand, *this is not a tip sheet in book form.* There is no "sell Tweedledum and buy Tweedledee" advice. This is a financial analysis written in plain (and graceful) English. Any high school student can understand it. The purpose is to show the average investor what *really* is going on in the world of international finance so that he can make more knowledgeable decisions about his current and future investments.

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* *Don't jump to any conclusions*

Only 2 or 3 of the above investments will weather the coming financial storm, according to Rickenbacker. Every expert who saw this chart before publication of the book guessed wrong. When Rickenbacker explained the reasoning behind his choices, every expert ended up agreeing with the author!

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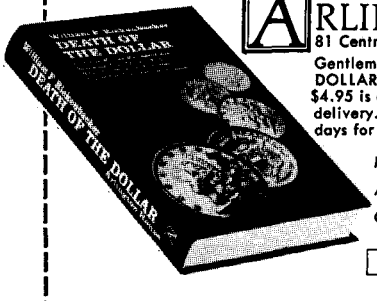
"It is certain that the reform [increase in gold price] will have to be carried out. The only question is to know whether it will be done before or after the general crisis."
— William F. Rickenbacker

William F. Rickenbacker is an independent investment advisor and Wall Street analyst. If you read his first book, *Wooden Nickels* (1966), you know that he flatly predicted that silver prices would skyrocket. If you followed his advice, Rickenbacker has put you in a brand new tax bracket — and you will need no urging to read his new analysis of the gold crisis.



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